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ALICE HARMON

AND

THE MOTHER AND HER DYING BOY.

BY

AN EXILE OF IRIN



NEW YORK

D. & J. SADLER & CO., No. 31 BARCLAY STREET

MONTREAL, 37 NOTRE DAME STREET

1874

ALICE HARMON;

AND

THE MOTHER AND HER DYING BOY.

BY

AN EXILE OF ERIN.

M. W. Newman.



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DEDICATION

TO A REVEREND FRIEND.

DEAR FRIEND: I dedicate this poor little work to you, because you are well acquainted with the scenes described in its pages; because you are connected in blood with one of the holiest characters in the story; because your friends on the other side of the ocean are intimately acquainted with mine; and because I myself have felt deeply indebted for many hours and days of peace and health and joy to your universally-acknowledged good-nature, good-humor, and kindness.

Hoping that God will prolong your days, give me an opportunity of cultivating more closely your desirable friendship, and make the people of your parish feel more fully the love and gratitude they owe you, I am, reverend and dear sir, yours ever faithfully in Christ,

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I	An Irish Village	1
CHAPTER II	The Harmon Family	8
CHAPTER III	Moonlight on the Sea, and a Fishing Adventure	14
CHAPTER IV	Devotion and Music	20
CHAPTER V	The Village School and School-Master	25
CHAPTER VI	Father Virginius	30
CHAPTER VII	Alice Harmon's Angeline Violon and Violoncello	34
CHAPTER VIII	Letters of Temperance	40
CHAPTER IX	Temperance Lectures	45

CONTENTS.



	PAGE
CHAPTER I.	
An Irish Village,	5
CHAPTER II.	
The Harmon Family,	8
CHAPTER III.	
Moonlight on the Sea, and a Fishing Adventure, .	14
CHAPTER IV.	
Devotion and Music,	20
CHAPTER V.	
The Village School and School-Master, . . .	25
CHAPTER VI.	
Father Virgilius,	29
CHAPTER VII.	
Alice Harmon's Angelic Visitor and Vocation, .	34
CHAPTER VIII.	
Lovers of Temperance,	40
CHAPTER IX.	
A Temperance Lecture,	42

	PAGE
CHAPTER X.	
A Shipwreck,	52
CHAPTER XI.	
The Wreckers and the Saved,	57
CHAPTER XII.	
A Convert,	61
CHAPTER XIII.	
Description of Sea Scenery and Youghal, in the South of Ireland,	67
CHAPTER XIV.	
A Drive to Mogeela, and a Comical Scene on the Journey,	73
CHAPTER XV.	
Passing Views of some Towns in the South of Ireland,	77
CHAPTER XVI.	
Visit to the Blarney-Stone, and Arrival of the Cholera,	81
CHAPTER XVII.	
Horrors of the Cholera among the Harmons,	85
CHAPTER XVIII.	
Death of Blind Mrs. Harmon, and Heroic Conduct of Father Virgilius,	91
CHAPTER XIX.	
A Cottage by the Sea,	96

	PAGE
CHAPTER XX.	
Visit to an Old Country Graveyard,	99
CHAPTER XXI.	
Trip to Cloyne, and Glimpse of an Irish Patron,	103
CHAPTER XXII.	
Changes,	109
CHAPTER XXIII.	
Loretto Convent,	112
CHAPTER XXIV.	
Voyage to New York,	116
CHAPTER XXV.	
The Irish Brigade in Italy,	125
CHAPTER XXVI.	
Brother and Sister,	130
CHAPTER XXVII.	
A Visit to Mount Mellary,	134
CHAPTER XXVIII.	
Meeting a Friend,	142
CHAPTER XXIX.	
An Ordination,	146
CHAPTER XXX.	
A Sister of Charity,	150

	PAGE
CHAPTER XXXI.	
Meagher and the Irish Brigade,	154
CHAPTER XXXII.	
A Woman's Bravery and Devotion,	159
CHAPTER XXXIII.	
Father Marlow,	169
CHAPTER XXXIV.	
A Loving but Sorrowful Meeting,	172
CHAPTER XXXV.	
A Brother's Grave,	175
CHAPTER XXXVI.	
A Martyr to Charity,	179
CHAPTER XXXVII.	
A Death-Bed Scene,	185
CHAPTER XXXVIII.	
Conclusion,	188
<hr/>	
THE MOTHER AND HER DYING BOY,	195

ALICE HARMON.

CHAPTER I.

AN IRISH VILLAGE.



WHEN the voyager leaves Queenstown Harbor in the South of Ireland, and issues forth into the broad Atlantic on his trip to England, he perceives, for the greater part, a high and rocky coast guarding the south of the Green Island. As his vessel nears the shore, he catches occasional views of beautiful woody scenes, of meadows, gardens, and neat, shining little houses behind the cliffs, against which the breakers of the ocean dash and roar.

One of those spots especially charming lay near the coast about midway between the two towns of Youghal and Queenstown. The name of the place was Ballycotton, and it had its lovely orchards, springs, and ponds, and trees, and gardens.

It looked quite enchanting, so near the ocean, on a clear, bright day, with the pure, blue sky above it, and its pretty, whitewashed cottages

appearing shining and joyous in the sunlight. It impressed every traveller with its character of rustic beauty the moment he beheld it. There were the goats on the rocks above the ocean; the pigs mingling with the children who were sporting on the green; the pure and smiling maiden coming from the spring with her can of water; the buxom old lass, with her arms akimbo, discussing the news with her neighbors; the birds winging their flight from bush to bush, singing in the meanwhile; the happy, laughing little boys and girls returning from school; the fiddler in the orchard impelling to the dance by his cheerful airs; and the young ones of both sexes near the clear and lively stream which ran through the grass, and tumbled over the stones as it wandered. The dogs barked, the roosters crowed, the waves made their accustomed noise not far away, and up from the bosom of that charming little spot sprang a spirit of peace, joy, simplicity, and harmony. Down a little from the village, and nearer to the beach, stood a neat, quiet cottage facing the sea, with a small but a beautiful garden. As you entered, you were gladdened with the scent of the sweetbrier, the tulip, and the wild rose. You saw artificial rocks piled up together, looking just as natural as if placed there by nature. You beheld one side of the garden lined by one continued rocky

wall slanting towards the flower-beds covered with lovely creepers, and all the time watered by rills that gushed from the brown stone down to nourish the shrubs and the plants and the bushes beneath them.

As the sun gleamed over this rock, adorned with creepers and sparkling rills, the scene looked fairy-like, combined with the snow-white appearance of the sails of the boats on the waters. Nature lent to the garden almost all its delicious varieties, as the owners of the cottage were too poor to supply them. The cottage, too, presented the same attractive appearance. It was only one story in height, and its walls were covered all over with creepers, whose roses, in this summer season, looked rich and fresh in the sunshine. The thatch upon the roof was still almost uninjured. In the windows you beheld pots of flowers and rustic cages containing birds who warbled strains without ending. There was the old-fashioned porch, the rustic chair outside, the woodbine coiling around the pillars at the doorway, and the wild sweetbrier shedding its odors in through the windows. The whole exterior of the cottage and garden was sweet and attractive, luring the observer into the interior to gaze on its inmates.

CHAPTER II.

THE HARMON FAMILY.



AND, indeed, the inspection of these characters did not disappoint the lovers and admirers of the cottage and the garden. The whole family consisted of a middle-aged man, a blind mother, and a son and daughter. The father was gentle and meek and holy in his appearance. He was thin and pale, and, from his features, you would suppose inclined to melancholy. This partly mournful portion of the picture was relieved by the aspect of the daughter, who was young and fair, and heavenly joyous and sweet in the expression of her countenance. She was tall for fourteen ; her dark hair fell in profusion on her finely-rounded shoulders ; her eyes looked modest, and beamed with the light of divine inspiration. A natural smile, expressive of love and sweetness, always adorned her lips. Her dress was plain, but scrupulously clean. Her demeanor was exquisitely polite and unaffected. She was indeed the most striking object of the group, and her presence was made more holy contrasted with the wild, forbidding look of the brother beside her. He was about two years older, and his counte-

nance looked fierce and dark, though this expression entirely belied the state of his feelings. A scar between the eye and the lip, received at one time accidentally, combined with his frowning brow, his lowering eyebrows, and his dark complexion, gave to his whole appearance a character of forbidding sternness. Still, he had a good heart, an intelligent mind, and a well-formed figure. His mother, who formed the last character in the group, was blind. Her figure was graceful, her features very pleasing, and her dress remarkably neat and appropriate. She sat near a table knitting, and singing songs of praise to her Saviour. She blessed and thanked him in the height of her blindness, and prayed aloud every day to see with her mind the light of his Spirit, his will, and his beauty. The eyes of the whole family were turned upon her with looks of love and contentment. Her happy, peaceful life, her resignation to the will of the Almighty, and her desire to please the hearts of all religiously and sweetly made her character truly charming and lovely. The room in which they sat was neat and tidy. A great number of charming curiosities and old pictures hung from the walls. The odor of the flowers stole in through the windows. The breeze from the sea filled the room with freshness. The lovely white-sailed boats and the noble steamships on

the ocean lent a charming aspect to the watery view before them. A statue of an angel guardian adorned the room in which the family of the Harmons assembled. Roses, and candles, and silks, and gilt were gathered around it. But there were sweeter offerings than these to the spirit of the angel guardian. There were the incessant prayers and sighs of reverence and love from the heart of Alice Harmon. She had a singular affection and devotion towards her angel guardian. His name was always on her lips, and she loved him for the sake of Jesus. She constantly spoke to her mother of his tenderness and solicitude towards them; of his eager, watchful care over the ward whom God confided to his guardianship. She remarked how pure and glad and sweet she felt her soul when she often prayed to him. She told her family again and again that every good Christian had a separate angel guardian. "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent to minister for these, who shall receive the inheritance of salvation?" (Hebrews i. 14). She beheld, in fancy, some of them smiling joyously and approvingly by the side of those who did the will of God; whilst she saw others drowned in tears at the follies, sins, and madness of their charges. She saw angel guardians everywhere. In the haunts of vice they were standing a little afar, viewing with

grief the fall of those who were once good and holy, but who, in a forgetful hour, had lost the grace of Jesus. She saw them in the vessels on the waters, in the taverns, in the streets, in the houses of the rich and the poor, and especially by the bedside of the dying. She saw them every time lifting up their hands in fervent, pious acts of intercession towards the Almighty.

She perceived all this; and the fancied picture of her own angel guardian gazing at her with looks of love, encouragement, and gladness filled her mind with light and her heart with emotions of peace and happiness. She would sit and think like this for hours together; then she would run to her statue, kneel before it, and beg the intercession of her angel guardian. After prayer, she would feel as if the light of that spot where the angels dwelt had crept into her heart. She would feel a more ardent love for Jesus and his holy name, for his Blessed Mother, and the saints and angels. Virtue would increase within her heart. She would dote upon her parents and her brother with a more holy fondness. She would love to swim for hours in a sea of sacred contemplation, and lead others also into that blessed exercise. She would go forth by turns into the garden and on the summit of the cliffs, and admire each time the beauty of

the sky, the flowers, the trees, the hills, the rocks, the ships, and the ocean. She would pray every day for the voyagers. She would bring forth her mother into the fresh, balmy air of the garden, and, after placing her on a rustic seat, with the sun creeping in through the leaves on her clothes and her features, she would describe to her the glory and power of God so wonderfully displayed in the creation.

Mrs. Harmon would listen, enraptured and thankful, to Alice's descriptions. With uplifted hands she would praise the great God for his goodness, and beg of him not to make her blind of soul, as she was of body. He had come to scatter fire upon the earth, and she sighed to be touched by it. She longed for that heavenly dew that would refresh and soften and sanctify her bosom. She would soon have it, please God, from the hands of the priest of the village of Shanagarry. Her spirit was full of the light of God. Indeed, it saw it clearly. It was blind to the sight of vice and death and hell, and open to the vision of virtue, grace, life, and glory. She heard the hum of the insects; she smelt the perfume of the flowers; she felt the exquisite touch of the sun on her features; she listened to the mighty roar of the ocean's waves against the cliffs beyond; she caught the

songs of the robin and the linnet and the goldfinch; she breathed the fresh, pure air of the garden; and all these influences, acting upon her *active* senses, made her feel happy and pleased with the will of her Jesus. Then she would knit and sleep a little, and murmur praise to God in the midst of her rest and her labors.

The husband, William Harmon, who was once wild and passionate, was very tenderly attached to his female partner. Her blindness made her unfit for business; still, the amount of sanctity and knowledge which she had abundantly supplied the absence of more worldly features. She frequently remarked that if she had not been blind, she would perhaps have thought of her Saviour less often. As her years advanced, her mind seemed to grow stronger in proportion as her bodily strength began to fail. The light that she borrowed from heavenly scenes and revealings, and the torrents of love that such knowledge and visions imparted to her bosom, seemed to make her whole existence sweet, welcome, and pleasing. Her chief delight consisted in hearing her daughter read and speak of Jesus, Mary, and the guardian angels.

CHAPTER III.

MOONLIGHT ON THE SEA, AND A FISHING
ADVENTURE.

THE family of the Harmons was very thrifty, honest, and sober. Though poor, they all possessed an exquisite taste, and the father never forbade his amiable daughter to purchase some books in order to gratify her longing for reading. The parlor, whose front window opened on the sea, was sweetly though humbly furnished. A neat, sprightly carpet, scrupulously clean, adorned and covered the floor. Sacred pictures cheap but graceful, hung from the spotless walls. A table in the centre, of rustic form, but exquisitely pretty, lent an attractive feature to the whole apartment, in consequence of the number of neatly-bound books and shells and foreign ornaments that lay upon it. There was the neat, bright lounge on one side of the parlor, and the *chiffonnière*, with its shining range of glasses and decanters, on the other. There were the plain though charming chairs, the fiddle hanging near one corner, the flute and the clock and the toys on the mantel, with the canary birds hopping and singing and picking in their cages near the window. And now, in the middle of June, the breeze came fresh and

full of the odor of sea-weed from the ocean in front of the parlor. The dogs barked, the roosters crowed, and the whole surrounding land and water scene quivered with joy beneath the rays of the sunshine. There was the shout of the boatman on the shore beneath, the quivering shriek of the sea-gull, the roar of the surging waves, and a vast number of farmers a little beyond drawing home sand to make manure for their farms.

Harmon was a fisherman, and, with the assistance of his son Patrick, he frequently succeeded in capturing large numbers of the tenants of the waters. They went forth usually in the evenings, fortified by the prayers of Alice to their guardian angels. They spent whole nights on the moonlit wave, drawing up fishes and singing soft, low songs of joy, and love, and praise, and honor to their Creator. They were fortunate always, especially when Alice attended them. One evening after our story opens, Patrick and his father set forth in their boat to fish all the moonlight. The tide was full at the time, and the place all around very lovely. At respective distances along the shore several fishermen were preparing to go out and try their good-fortune. The boat which Harmon owned was built by himself, and was very handsome and tidy. They soon embarked, pulled out to sea, set sail, and readily passed a

mile or two on the ocean. They then cast anchor, and began their occupation. The light of the moon was so full and clear at this time that they could nearly see the bottom of the ocean. The fishes rose and fell above and below the wave. The crests of the softly-rolling billows were tipped with the silvery beams of the moonlight. The watery expanse looked solemnly beautiful, and the dark cliffs beyond, with the village of Ballycotton, and the woods quite near it, appeared sombre and bold to the eyes of those who beheld them. The Harmons looked behind them, and saw Ballycotton Island standing out picturesquely and queenly in the still, bright ocean.

It had a lofty light-house and belfry on its summit, and the brilliant lamps of varied hue that gleamed from the top fell softly and sweetly over the sea for a great distance around them. Suddenly they heard the swelling rich and cheering music of a brass band over the waters beyond them, adding, by its power and sweetness, to the enchantment of that moonlight scenery. Nearer and nearer the music came, making the air which it discoursed more clear and audible. The Harmons paused in their fishing, and listened with rapt and thankful hearts to the sounds so rich and lovely over the moonlit waters. They glanced towards heaven, and thanked God

from their hearts, since he was the author of so much beauty and harmony. The very fishes beneath the wave seemed moved by the music. They seemed to dance and jump more playfully, and revel with greater joy in the light of the night in the waters. The steamboat which contained the band came close by the Harmons, who perceived that it was the *Fairy*, which daily plied in the summer-time between Youghal and Cappoquin, and was returning this evening to the first-named town after a pleasure-trip made beyond Ballycotton Island. It ploughed the waves with great rapidity, and seemed, indeed, a little fairy—it looked so bright and swanlike and swift, with its lights and its gaily-dressed crowds and its streamers. The music soon died away, and was lost to the ears of the Harmons in the deep silence that prevailed around them.

They fished with great success for some hours, when they saw a large whale-boat approach them. They heard the sound of a lute coming from it towards them. They knew the air which it breathed, and the pathos and beauty and sweetness that distinguished its execution made them feel that it was their own Alice who played it. They knew that the person whose boat she was in was her uncle; so they did not fear that she would be in danger. Whilst holding still his line and listening

gladly to the mellow music, old Harmon felt his hook dragged with such force and rapidity that he was almost unable to sustain his equilibrium in the little boat. He pulled with all his power, aided by Patrick. A terrible noise beneath the waters and a fearful lashing above them assured the Harmons that a shark or some other monster of the deep was hooked. They cried to those in the advancing boat to hasten. They pulled the line more forcibly till their strength had almost failed, when a sudden mighty jerk of the monster drew both of them overboard. They screamed, but still kept hold of the line. They sought to return again to the boat, but were dragged further away from it. The monster rose to the surface, reddening the waves with his blood, and lashing them mightily. The boat, still at anchor, tossed from side to side. The Harmons were getting weaker, and would indeed have been lost had not Alice's prayers to the angels, and the heroic conduct of her uncle's son, who was in the whale-boat, saved them. Alice knelt and cried to heaven for her father's and brother's delivery from death and damnation. Mark O'Neil, her cousin, a noble, tall, and handsome youth, brought his boat quickly near the sinking Harmons, and heaved a rope towards them. Both caught it at the same time, leaving the old line go with the shark attached to it.

Mark pulled with all his power, whilst Alice prayed. The light that she caught from her orisons seemed to steal over the waters and drive the monster away from them. Old and young Harmon soon reached the side of the whale-boat almost insensible, still thanking God for his goodness and kindness. Mark, with the aid of his father, assisted by their own efforts, soon raised the Harmons. Then there were thanks and joy and expressions of gratitude to God for their salvation. In the distance they saw the wounded monster plunging in the waves, reddening their white bosom with his blood, and swelling them with his foam. After recovering from the enervating effects of their late adventure, the two Harmons soon revived under the invigorating influence of some sweet spiritual potations. They soon regained their original vigor and firmness; they again took possession of their own little boat, and, after drawing in the anchor, resolved to remove, with the occupants of the whaler, away from that quarter to some other spot.

CHAPTER IV.

DEVOTION AND MUSIC.



LICE did not fail to thank almost incessantly her angel guardian for delivering her brother and father from the terrible danger and death that threatened them. This was evident from her increasing smiles, her looks, and expressions of thanksgiving and love. After a night's successful fishing, they returned home, but did not inform Mrs. Harmon of the dangerous adventure. The morning shone fresh and rosy upon the slumbers of the wearied workers, and it lit up, with its beauty and glory, the ocean, crags, and rills, and meadows in front of the cottage. The roosters saluted its coming with joy. The dogs came forth and barked with satisfaction, the air stole on their senses with such freshness and sweetness. The horizon beyond was tintured with a rosy glow, and, casting its image on the scene, produced a most lovely picture. Alice soon arose, as the singing of the birds at the window awoke her. She came before the statue of her guardian angel, and prayed long and fervently to Almighty God. She begged him to receive as a poor offering all her thoughts,

acts, desires, and words upon that day. She thanked him exceedingly for letting her see the light of the morning. She thought to herself how many went to bed full of health and life and joy, and did not awake the next morning, but were found cold and dead, whilst their souls, perhaps, were blazing in the prisons of the damned. She blessed Him who, in his kind providence, marks out the sparrow on the house-top and counts the hairs of the human head as they fall. She prayed for her family, for the Church, for the Sovereign Pontiff, for grace, for the conversion of all darkened souls, for grace to do the will of Jesus, for the love of her neighbor, and for the spirit of virtue and piety. She asked her guardian angel to shed his light around her; to give her strength during the day to bear all crosses bravely, to be meek and sweet with every one, to die a holy death, to have a horror and a pious fear for hell and a great desire for Paradise. When she had finished, she felt greatly relieved indeed. She went to her mother's chamber, and offered to relieve her in dressing with the greatest joy. The blind woman gladly accepted the kind proposals of her dear daughter, and, with her hands clasped and eyes raised darkly, she gave thanks to Jesus. It was indeed a lovely picture to behold the good, faithful, loving

daughter, full of youth and virtue and beauty, looking out of the window at the swelling grandeur of rock and sky and ocean, and the dear, sweet, patient, blind mother lowering her darkened eyes, but raising her heart and her spirit to the glory and beauty of God at the same time. The one beheld a divine and human beauty ; the worldly was shut to the gaze of the other ; still she saw the heavenly in such fulness and intensity that she was more than recompensed by her Saviour for the absence of her bodily eyesight. Mrs. Harmon, in her patience, was favored with sweet and holy revelations which few but the saints possess. She saw, as in a picture (and the sight ravished and nourished her soul), the spirits of the varied virtues realized. She saw their beauty, fresh and immortal ; saw the bosom of God with the blood flowing out of it ; saw the hopes, and joys, and contentment of the Christian transformed into elements of splendor and loveliness such as earth never witnessed. She saw the Mother of God clad in glory, her crown and throne and eternal palaces. She saw the myriads of lovely homes that were fixed for the blessed, the golden chain of communication that existed between the saints and the undying ladder, upon which the good angels ascended and descended. She saw the good works of the blessed turned into

so many immortal gems and roses. She saw the vast multitudes of beings who loved God in the past now shining with him in his glory, now praising, blessing, and extolling his holy name. Fired by the glory of those visions, she did not heed the awful darkness that surrounded her, but she sighed continually for those sunny lands where there is neither spiritual nor bodily blindness.

She loved to go towards the shore, to sit on a mossy bank in the sunshine, to inhale the odor of the wild rose and the daisies, to listen to the hoarse roar of the waves, the music of the birds, and the humming of the bees and other insects.

In every sweet sound, in every soft touch, exquisite taste, and delicious smell, she recognized divine love, and she thanked and praised her Saviour.

Patrick would often go to his mother whilst sitting on the sunny bank and plunged in her dreamings. He would bring her bread, honey, sweet cream, and some strawberries. They would eat together, thanking God for the sweet and simple repast that he gave them. Then Alice would bring her lute, and the father his fiddle, after his sweet, sound sleep in the morning, and a solemn, low, and touching hymn to God would be feelingly sung by the blind

Mrs. Harmon, whilst the music softly and happily attended it.


When the hymn ended, Alice fled for her dear old harp, and sang a solo, whilst its music united with hers in thanks and praise to her guardian angel. Oh! the beauty of that holy song. Oh! the melody of that voice which uttered it. Oh! the sweet and strong effects which such music awakened in the hearts of the hearers. Her voice was delicate and soft, and had an effeminate tenderness, but it was full to the brim of the soul of feeling. The girl possessed an exquisitely emotional nature. The slightest sympathizing cause affected her. Her notions of purity, piety, goodness, and love were accurate and sublime; and when human feeling blended with these, her spiritual enthusiasm became irresistible. She seemed to pour into song all the eloquence of her nature, and she felt it. As she advanced, she melted into tears. The sight of her loving, blind mother; of the rest of the family, whom she regarded so tenderly; of the beautiful scenery before her; the memory of God's goodness, and the love and untiring attention of her angel guardian, all combined to awaken in her soul emotions of thanksgiving and tenderness, and gave to her spirit at that time that sacred fire which imparted to her voice such sweetness and feeling.

There was young Alice, bathed in tears rosy and healthy and charming, with her large blue, shining eyes, her elevated brow, with her cheeks expanded by the power of her song, with no thought in her mind or feeling in her heart but such as was pure and holy. She sat upon the grassy knoll like the humanized genius of devotion and music; and the emotions into which she plunged her listeners were no less affecting than the cause that produced them.

The blind mother, unable to control her feelings of gratitude and joy, rushed with a cry of delight and love into the arms of her daughter. She uttered words of praise to God for his kindness; and as her enthusiasm increased, the tears fell from her eyes in greater abundance. Old Harmon and Patrick also were greatly affected. After a little while, they retired to the cottage, and each to his and her separate duty.

CHAPTER V.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL AND SCHOOL-MASTER.

UNE and July passed away by this time, and the end of August came. Then the little school at Ballycotton opened, and the children of the village once more gathered within its walls.

The building stood on a little hill in the midst of a clump of trees, and its front looked forth on the bright blue ocean. The spring was near it, and some lovely hedgerows and the school-boys' green. The morning upon which the school opened was fresh and clear. The smoke from the houses beneath curled up in the air, the sky was a lovely blue, the waves of the sea rolled softly in the sunlight, the meadows and orchards and glens looked rich and green, and the entire village of Ballycotton seemed to be full of joy, as the boys and girls returned to school again to be watched and purified, and fed with knowledge. About nine o'clock on that memorable morning a form might have been seen advancing up the little road to the top of the little hill that shot away from the main street of Ballycotton. It was that of a man of about fifty summers. He looked scrupulously neat. His air and dress and carriage bespoke acquired refinement. His spruce black coat, in clerical style, shone in the light of the morning. His features looked funny and benevolent. Smiles played nearly all the time upon his lips. His face was closely shaven, his head was long and thin, his eyes small and full of vivacity, his brow high, his nose a beautiful aquiline, his cheeks partly furrowed, his lips, as already remarked, mostly covered with smiles, and, when not so, expres-

sive of melancholy. He bore some books under his left arm, and held a nicely-polished cane in his right hand. He favored all with his smiles as he passed along, and the boys and girls regarded him in the light of an especial favorite. After reaching the top of the hill, he was received with three cheers by the children who were waiting there. When all the rest had arrived, he drew them up in the school-house green, and reviewed them. He viewed with pleasure their clean faces, their tidy clothes, their well-kept books, and their looks of love and gladness. He gently censured the defects and commended the good qualities of his children. Then he spoke to them feelingly and simply of the love which they should have for school, for God, for prayer, for their parents, for their neighbor, for order and temperance. He remarked that, with God's help, they would all be an honor yet to Ballycotton, and he expressed a hope that some from amongst them would go forth in time to the colleges, and be priests. He congratulated them on their absence in the good village from many sinful, dangerous occasions, and from the polluting dens of cities, where so much riot, and ignorance, and sin, and sadness dwell. He exhorted them to be diligent at home and at school; to be punctual in their hours at all the exercises; to love each other;

to call no names ; to bless instead of to curse ; to take some healthy, active recreation in the afternoon till the darkness came, when they should retire to the light of their homes to study their lessons, to read some holy books, to the society of their families ; to retire early at night to their rest ; to sleep soundly and sweetly after thanking, blessing God ; to rise early in the mornings, praising Jesus ; to have their faces washed very clean, their breakfasts eaten, and then walk in a nice, quiet, modest manner to the school. He assured them of his love, his desire to advance them, and his intention to punish them in proportion as each deserved it. He begged of God to bless them and to open their minds and hearts to his divine light and love, now that the school was open. The earnestness with which he addressed them was evident from his tears. He would give his home, his wife, his life, his all, to make them learned and happy, if such were needed, so dearly did he love them. Alice Harmon was there, his best-conducted and most talented pupil. He esteemed her to excess, and all the scholars shared with him in that same feeling. This did not make Alice proud, but it caused her to feel more humble and thankful.

CHAPTER VI.

FATHER VIRGILIUS.



THE children had not been long disposed in the school-room before Mr. O'Flanagan, the teacher, sent one of his boys to Shanagarry, where Father Virgilius, the priest of that village, resided, with a message informing him that the scholars were in order now, and that they would all wish to be seen by him.

The house in which Father Virgilius resided was neat and unpretending. It had its little garden and other sweet conveniences. It looked in front upon the ocean, and on Ballycotton with its island. The little church which he attended was not far away. It was plain but neat, and sufficiently large for its congregation. It was old, but its antiquity gave a more attractive interest to the charms around it. It was the pride and ornament of the village, and its neat little cross spoke feelingly to the people of the love of Jesus and the bitter agony that he endured for them by his crucifixion.

Father Virgilius was in when the message came, and in one hour answered it personally by presenting himself at the door of the school-house. The moment the children per-

ceived him, they stood up respectfully, bade him good-morning and welcome, and clapped their hands with joy. He responded cordially, and the light of his smile and his eye, and his manner in general, was an evident assurance of his affection towards them. He was above the middle height, and stout and manly-looking in proportion. His face looked handsome and amiable. He had dark hair, blue eyes, and a florid complexion. Sanctity beamed in his smile, which was at once natural and tender. His voice was strong and sweet, his sense of vision keen, and his carriage very graceful. As his form occurs to the memory of the writer, he thinks he sees his exact image revealed in the person of a clergyman who is his blood relation, and now resides on this side of the Atlantic. Father Virgilius never went outside his house without carrying with him his beloved walking-stick. It was large and handsome, and so sanctified by the anointed palms of the reverend gentleman that, like St. Patrick's staff, it must have been an expeller of snakes. It was known to every child in the district by the name of St. Coleman, and the very mention of it always filled them with a pious fear. Father Virgilius walked amongst the boys and girls, and spoke to them sweetly and tenderly. He welcomed them back again to the halls of wisdom and learning. He gave them

sage counsels, commended their teacher, and expressed a hope that some amongst the boys would yet enter the sanctuary. As he spoke and looked and acted, even the children saw in his air the signs of his calling. His attachment to the great mysterious things of God made himself a kind of amiable mystery. Gifted with a large and vigorous mind, with a taste and heart capable of appreciating from infancy all that was sweet and worthy to be loved, he had these qualities largely developed by residing in the country. He was a *priest*, and that expressed a great deal. He had the power to bring God on the altar, to make his precious blood stream thereupon, to give him to other souls, to carry him next his heart, and to deny him to whomsoever he pleased. He had the power to save or damn the souls of Christians, to bless or curse, to wound or heal, to sanctify or profane. He used his mighty faculties well for God's sake, for his neighbors' and his own salvation. The retirement of the country afforded him more time to think upon his vast prerogatives; to revel over them; to frame his mind and heart according to them; and by their exercise to sanctify and save. All this gave to the face and manners of Father Virgilius an especial religious attraction. He was the man of God in the eyes of the children, men's spiritual

father, the lamp that led to Jesus, the salt of the earth, the city on the mountain-top. He was to them humorous and fatherly, pious and sweet and good. He was devoted to virtue and truth and sanctity. The chastity of his life shone in the pure expression of his features. Calmness, grace, happiness, sanctity, and love were happily blended in his countenance, and these expressions were beautifully realized in his beautiful life. His love for the sick and poor was wonderful; his desire to please them singular; his attachment to the strange and innocent customs of his people remarkably strong; and his devotion to his country sincere and ardent. Everything in his person spoke of the sanctuary and the altar. He was the man who stood constantly by the sick-bed, imparting cheer and grace and consolation, dispelling the cloud of despair from the face of the dying, and causing the sunshine of hope to gleam there. He loved the young and old, and was a partner in all their innocent mirth and sympathies. He patronized the athletic sports amongst the youthful, and almost every evening was found in the farmers' houses, examining, blessing, and teaching the children. He loved to talk and walk, to smile on the good, admonish the bad, and explain the Scriptures. His faults were few, and these were so buried in a sea of goodness that their

existence was forgotten or unknown. He consumed most of his hours in holy reading. His love for the fathers, the Holy Scriptures, and works of the saints was unbounded. He had a charming voice, and its power was often felt by many an earnest listener. He cultivated writing to a large extent, but his productions were rarely seen by any one. He wrote for God's honor and glory—not for a miserable worldly fame. His thoughts, as he wrote, rose with the character of his humility, and his highest aims consisted in aspiring to a knowledge and love of God. Such was Father Virgilius; and his character went beyond his vicinity, winning for him everywhere respect and love. On this occasion he cheered the boys, blessed them, and spoke to them of heaven and God. He gave them little presents, assured them of his love, and went away expressing a hope that they would never fail to be good and pious and punctual.

CHAPTER VII.

ALICE HARMON'S ANGELIC VISITOR AND VOCATION.



ATHER VIRGILIUS was a great friend of the Harmons. He used often to visit and talk to the blind mother; and as he spoke to her, his feelings of religion and love warmed to such a degree that he could scarcely help giving vent to pious raptures. He saw spirituality, in all its true light and beauty, coming from that blind woman's heart. He beheld unselfishness, sanctity, contentment, and pure joy personified in her character; and every time he left after speaking to her he felt himself more holy. He esteemed Alice very highly for her modesty, piety, and intellectual gifts. He heard with pleasure of her desire to remain for ever a spotless virgin in the sight of God. She resolved to consecrate her soul and body, time without end, to the spirit of Jesus. Her motives were godly and sublime. Her resolution was heroic and self-sacrificing. She did not fear the dangers, because she trusted in her God. She hailed with joy the thought of the hour that would behold her made a sworn virgin. She longed for the day to come that would find her in Loretto Convent at Fermoy

taking the veil, and closing her eyes for ever to the darkness, vanity, and sorrows of this foul world. It beamed like a lovely star on the eyes of her spirit and heart. Her family encouraged her holy notions. Father Virgilius fed them by his constant allusions to the beauty and sanctity of a virgin life. He proved the excellence of that state over any other from the words of sacred Scripture so forcibly uttered by St. Paul.

As day after day passed on, she seemed to see more clearly the beauty of that inner light which fills the holy virgins of Almighty God. She seemed to acquire more fully that dove-like spirit of peace which fills them, that love of virtue and God. She felt that nothing existed in this life so precious as sweet virginity. She saw it shine conspicuously in Holy Mary eternally, and most resplendently in the Son of God. She knew it was a God-like attribute, and she felt that no amount of self-denial would be too great to gain it. She prayed day and night to her angel guardian to acquire it. She besought him with tears in the dark night that he would fly to the throne of God, and bring from the light of its King a little of its sunshine. And, indeed, the angel guardian seemed to hear and answer her earnest prayer; for in the height of one dark night in the end of September, a bright light burst upon her

soul, and she seemed to see coming over the depths of the still ocean before her, through the window upon which she rested, a glorified form holding in both hands roses and crowns of gold. The family had gone to rest a little before, but she stayed up for some time, availing herself of the deep stillness of the night and the beautiful moonlight on the sea to think on her virgin-vow. Her heart and mind were flooded with surprise and joy at seeing this strange and heavenly form. Virginitv was written in characters of gold on its shining brow, and out of it came the brightest colors and the sweetest odors. It came nearer to Alice, and partly revealed a face that powerfully expressed a character at once intelligent, holy, amiable, noble, and sublime. There were lips whose pure streams seemed to be drawn from the river of life. On them a smile so godly shone that Alice fancied she was wrapped up at once into a sea of wondrous beauty and glory. The hair of the figure fell like threads of gold, which the sea-breezes were weaving. He was beautifully formed, tall and thin and fair, with symmetry entirely ethereal. He spoke to Alice, and, when he did, his voice, though low, had a softness and a sweetness and a refined power in it which caused it to steal along the sea, and move the very fishes in the waters by its melody. "Maiden of

earth," said the voice, "I am a messenger from on high, and come to let you know that your pure, pious wishes are received with joy in the eternal palaces and thrones. I come to let you know that your sublime self-sacrifice will win for you gifts far richer than these roses and crowns that I bear in my hands. In the darkness of the night, when you will think of God and me, your angel guardian, I will place this crown upon your brow, and it will shine more pure and fair than the sunlight. The virgins in paradise will sing new songs of love and praise and joy to God when you will give your heart entire to Jesus. The Mother of virgins will always guard and bless and save you. The bright thoughts of God will come into your mind. His love will burn unquenchably in your bosom. His sacred name will hang upon your lips. His graces, blessings, and gifts will steal into your spirit; everything that is beautiful and good in the physical and moral and intellectual world around you will reveal to your senses and mind and heart new scenes and creations of splendor and joy. Then your life will be peaceful and sweet in the bosom of chastity. You will have me near you, ever guarding, warning, and saving you. You will teach others to love purity by your lovely life, and will fly, when death comes on you, into the spirit and heart of your Lord,

to bless and enjoy him for ever." Saying these words, the angel guardian breathed on his pure and lovely ward a breath more odorous far than all the sweets and spices of the Indies. Soft, holy music filled the air as he was leaving, soothing and delighting by its sound the soul of Alice. The words of the angel filled her with hope and joy. She sighed for another view of him, and, half waking, drew back from the moonlight scene to bury her face in her hands and reflect upon what she saw. As she thought, her ideas increased, and her soul soared to the contemplation of those seraphic virgins who follow the Lamb in heaven wherever he goeth, and who sing that new song which none else can sing. She saw them grouped in lovely order, beheld them moving in grand procession over the fields of light, clad in white robes brighter than the sun, pure as angels fair, as immortal kings and queens, carrying wands and crowns of gold, attended by ethereal music and the songs and praises of the blest, clinging to the heart of God, feeding on the glory of his wounds, causing virgins, by their prayers, to spring up in human soil, and bathing for ever in a sea of joy and love and beauty. The vision so ravished her senses and her heart, and so strained upon her mind, that she grew dizzy beneath its effect, and swooned away with nervous joy. Alice slept that night

with sweet and holy beings around her pillow, and in her mind delightful dreams. She resolved from henceforth to make a study of her heart, and enlarge her mind by extensive, careful reading of the Word of God. She did not tell the vision of the night to the family, but they saw from her appearance that something strange must have occurred. She was more serious and spoke less than before. She remained more alone.

As the month was now advancing into winter, the aspect of the landscape changed. Alice welcomed it, as it came from the hands of God. The sea grew more angry, the leaves of the trees and the flowers began to disappear, the cliffs near the sea seemed rougher and darker, the cornfields were gone, and the clouds presented almost all the time a gloomy appearance. Alice walked almost every day at this season alone on the beach and the top of the rocks, speaking to God in silence, and praising the grand sea, which was one of his glorious works. As she walked and gazed, she felt she would soon go away from the scenes of her childhood and that dear sea which she had always loved. Down there between these two rocks jutting out upon the waves she often sat alone, reading the "Lily of Israel," "The Glories of Mary," and other sweet, holy books. There some of the most profitable, innocent,

and delightful hours of her life were passed, and the thought of leaving it now weighed deeply on her heart. Still, the knowledge of her going to a place eminently more holy and dear to God made her feel happy and easy. She returned home one day, after walking and thinking in that manner, and sought to make preparations, assisted by her mother, before she would depart for Loretto Convent.

CHAPTER VIII.

LOVERS OF TEMPERANCE.



HERE were many lovers of temperance in Ballycotton and the country around it. Fine, fat old farmers often boasted that their long lives, ruddy cheeks, hearty families, and well-stocked larders were due to Father Matthew's blessed temperance movement. They declared themselves proud of their fidelity to such a splendid cause, and did their best to encourage its exercise amongst their neighbors. It was a pleasant sight to see some of them calling at their friends' houses, where they found lovers of the same cause, and chatted with cheerfulness, as they sat around the fireside smoking their *dudeens*. How deeply

they bemoaned the folly of those who disgraced themselves on the blessed Sunday evenings, at the public-houses and the fairs and races, by getting drunk! How wisely they described the evils that arise from the vice of intemperance, and how knowingly they expressed the benefits and joys that spring from the exercise of the virtue opposed to it.

They abhorred the sight of a shebeen-house or a gins-hop. They warned their friends against the trap of the devil that lay in such places. They were fond of meeting confidentially together, on the roads, in the chapel-green, near the school-house, and in all public places. The bagpipes and fiddles that played in the tents at the fairs could not allure them into such scenes of danger. They always transacted their business soberly and wisely; and though they were frequently pronounced by the lovers of the *drop* as worthless and lifeless, still they never ceased to glorify, both publicly and privately, the excellence of temperance. Their regard for this great virtue inspired them with charity towards their neighbor and a love for the church and its sacraments. They were especially drawn, like our Saviour, to the hearts of the children, and many a spare sixpence and shilling were placed by their hands in the pockets of the youngsters. They loved their good priest, Father Virgilius,

and were always the first to assist him. They were delighted with his promise to do his best to make others who were wild lovers of temperance, and he informed them of his intention to preach on a future Sunday about that virtue.

CHAPTER IX.

A TEMPERANCE LECTURE.



RUMOR went around the village of Shanagery, a few days before the following Sunday, that Father Virgilius intended to speak that day on the virtue of temperance. How the ears of the old lovers of the cause tingled with delight when this important piece of news was conveyed to them! They sent word to their friends from afar, who appreciated their thoughts, to be present and rejoice over the feast that awaited them. They all came, and the little church of Shanagery could scarcely find room for its large congregation on that Sunday. The lovers of temperance gathered together in knots on the green of the churchyard. They looked spruce and bright, dressed in their Sunday clothes, and laughed and talked most cordially and delightedly over their favorite theme. At last the bell tolled for Mass

and all entered the church. After the gospel, the Rev. Father Virgilius advanced towards the edge of the altar, and delivered the following remarks. He took his text from the First Epistle of St. Peter: "Brethren, be sober and watch, for your adversary the devil goes around like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." As the apostle of God requested his people to be sober, my brethren, so I say to you, Love temperance. Virtue is the staff and bread and hope of life. Without it the spirit and body would rot, and there would be no true joy. But amongst all the virtues, none are more needed than temperance, because its opposite vice makes man incapable of seizing and retaining excellence of any kind.

The friends of Father Mathew, those veteran lovers of the cause, have felt the truth of this, and desire that others should be equally moved. Why have they clung so closely to this virtue? The answer is easy, dear friends; it is because they value the beautiful nature of the virtue of temperance, as well as its grand effects. They contrast its character and results with those of the opposite vice, and draw wholesome, saving conclusions from the comparison. In temperance they discover a virtue most pure and godly. It derives its existence from heaven itself, and is accounted great by every licit law.

Temperance is a sanctifier and a savior. It shines over the moral world like the sun in the heavens. It is united with wisdom and intelligence, if its possessors make the best use of it. It is fair and sweet, and especially lives in the spirits of the just and the holy. It is a moral virtue, that makes man moderate in the indulgence of his senses, and, in Father Mathew's case, abstain from the use of all liquor that intoxicates. Temperance is the companion of health, and love, and strength, and peace. It is a virtue that God loves dearly, that the angels highly esteem, and that the devils hate. It is warmly appreciated by all wise men. It is sacred to sanctity and truth. It is the lovely star that lights up the fields of the heart. It is the inspirer of hope, the promoter of joy, and the peace of the blessed. It is like the river that flows by the tree of life, fructifying the soul. It loves to linger around happy homes and sweet hearts, the parent and friend of good. It is the child of heaven, the light of the church, the enemy of hell, and the stay of the poor. In it are all riches of grace, and health, and glory, and joy to the pure Catholic heart. It is a virtue that the prophets, apostles, and true men of God at all times loved. It is a never-fading youth. It is a flower that never dies in well-tilled hearts. It is a dew that always refreshes, a

lamp that ever enlightens, and a friend that always cheers. It is a beautiful shape, full of light and power. It is healthy and rosy, and has not a tear in its eyes, but is all smiles, and sheds peace and goodness on whatever it gazes. Those who do not come near it, but who shudder at its form and run away from it, are dark and giddy and full of danger. Those who do so, and embrace the figure that is the very opposite of it, are the intemperate. And they worship a god at once forbidding and loathsome. Death, and starvation, and misery, and hell sit on his face. Anger, and pride, and self-love, and impurity are stamped on his features. He is the enemy of heaven and reason, and the friend of hell. He roves among the dissolute, the abandoned, and despairing. He goes amongst the wretches who fill the foul dens of the big towns, and never wanders forth unless attended by a host of demons. His name is Intemperance, and he looks bloated and hideous. He raves against religion, country, and God. The air in which he lives is poisonous. The ground on which he treads is cursed. The hearts into which he creeps rot and die, and the homes into which he goes become desolate, and sad, and poor, and lonely. He gets enraged at the approach of the bright spirit of temperance. He is incapable of love. His presence is like

that of a dark cloud eternally threatening ruin. His name has horror in it. His friends are enemies to the lovers of goodness and of truth. In a word, my friends, he is a devil incarnate. Then, after comparing the two forms, one so good in its nature, and the other so evil, need we wait to decide upon which we ought to cherish and embrace? Surely, no; most of us have done what reason, nature, and God have directed us. Most of us have abandoned intemperance, and selected temperance. Many amongst us meet together in one to support a holy and a sublime cause, and, with God's assistance, shall succeed in doing so. Let us all admire and love the beautiful nature of temperance. Let us do our best to make others feel so also, and let all know that it is the cause of charity, of truth, of civil, social, and religious progress. But its nature, so excellent and beautiful, will give us an admirable notion of its effects. Temperance makes man live in an eternal sunshine. It makes him bathe in a sea of sweetness and love; it makes him spare his money, or spend it well and wisely. It makes him a noble and respectable citizen; gives health and strength to his body, and freshness and vigor to his mind. It sharpens the force of his senses, brings the grace of God into his soul, and frees him from a thousand dangers and temptations. It makes

his name honored, respected, and loved, keeps away the sheriff from his premises, gladdens the hearts of his family, wins the confidence and esteem of men, and every day renders himself fit to transact his business. It gives him consolation, a spirit of recollection, peace, and joy. It tears him away from bad company with its prevailing vices, makes him value time, and gives him a love for the creatures of the Almighty. It gives him sound rest at night and a long life. It makes him bless God and his family, gives him a taste for pure pleasures, a love for home, for virtue, and his Saviour. The temperate farmers, professional men, shop-keepers, traders, and laborers do their work with cheerfulness and ease, and see the money coming in to them in abundance. It makes the poor man rich; the ill-clad, well-dressed; the irreligious, holy; the miserable, happy; the sad, joyous; the sickly, healthy; the roguish, honest; and the degraded, honored. It makes the thought of heaven and eternity very dear to the Christian heart. It awakens satisfaction, life, and joy in others' bosoms. It builds up a family and a people. It encourages patriotism and every other noble feeling. It gives staunch soldiers and statesmen to a country. It dispels despair, and makes even a hard and bitter life seem soft and sweet. Then its blessed effects seem greater when compared

with the horrid evils of intemperance. Who is that clad in rags, and staggering from side to side, as he strives to walk through the street, uttering, as he wanders, oaths and blasphemies? See a child and a woman a little behind, following him with looks of anguish and wringing hands. Ah! the neighbors who see the scene answer our question when they say, with fingers pointed towards him, There goes the drunkard. Horrible name!—one that brings with its sound numbers of terrible images. He does not practise temperance, but clings to the opposite vice; and as the people gaze upon him, they see in his face the frightful effects of intoxicating liquors. Intemperance has made his cheeks look pale and bony and haggard, his eyes sunken and lustreless, his hair ragged and neglected, his clothes torn and soiled, his voice tremulous and broken, his mind weak, his body lapsed, and his whole constitution sickly and miserable. It has exposed him to the reproaches and contempt of the crowd. It has made him an object of mockery to the children. It has brought him down to a level with the brutes, who have no reason. It has robbed him of credit, of money, of friends, and of a happy home. The poison has worked in his system, and given to his eyes and face that glare and expression of terrible insanity. It has sent him to his mean abode, a football

for the devils to play with. It has exposed to his view misery and nakedness and raving hunger there. It has given him fresh love for the poisonous draughts after surveying all this wretchedness, and plunged him into despair. Blaspheming, raving, despised, abhorred, ragged, and ruined in senses, fortune, name, body, and mind, he puts a woful end to his existence. He brings upon his soul the curses of his friends and family. His memory is always remembered by them with horror, and his name becomes a disgrace and a terrible warning. His children become the inheritors of his misfortunes and his crimes, unless saved and blessed by Providence. His wealth is swallowed up, his grave is trodden over insultingly, and his body rots. That body, once pampered so indulgently with intoxicating draughts, now lies in the deep tomb, inanimate and corrupt, whilst the soul is buried in hell. There is none to mourn over it. There are many to curse it, and send up complaints to heaven on the horrible evils of intemperance. Almost all of you, thank God! my dear friends, can compliment yourselves on the joy and health and success you feel as the advocates of temperance. Death, and sin, and horror, and hell, and pain will not come so near you as they do the mad victims of brandy, whiskey, porter, wine, and rum. Some amongst you

have been foolish in the past, and they experience now more than others the happy feelings that temperance awakens by the force of the contrast. Now their names are loved, their health is good, their children well clad, bright, and happy, their wives delighted, their business well attended to, and their minds and hearts and bodies full of clearness, strength, and joy. All you who are temperate thank God for enjoying those sweet and blessed emotions. You will continue to possess them, with his divine assistance, till you die. You will not break your sacred pledges. You will keep them to the end, if you trust not to yourselves, but to your Saviour. He is strong and full of love, and he will keep you from danger. He will not let you fall. Do what he wishes you should do, and you will be always temperate. Fly from the grog-shops, the gin-shops, and the public-houses in general. When you see one, make the sign of the cross upon yourselves, and remember that the devil is there hiding between the bottles. When false friends come to remind you of their love and long acquaintance, fly from them, and do not respond to their dangerous invitations. Work actively during the day, enjoying with that money which you would spend on intoxicating liquor good meat and wholesome, temperate drinks. Entertain yourselves with your

families in the evening after your day's work, and then you will shun the occasion. Go often to the holy sacraments, where you will find strength, and grace, and hope, and joy. Never forget to frequent Mass on Sundays, because the culpable neglect of that spiritual exercise, apart from being a mortal sin, is a great inducement to intemperance. If you once tittle, you will likely fall, and be not only temporally but eternally lost. Then adhere to the holy, the saving cause till you die. Bring others into it. Let your example be a silent sermon in its praise. Then you will never want for anything. God's blessing will be on you. It will help to reform and sanctify the nation more and more. It will make beautiful characters of the growing ones, and make every one respect every charitable Catholic and patriotic cause. The law is clear and simple. Let none depart from it. We do not threaten or compel men to embrace it. We sweetly try to win and to persuade. Even so Jesus acted with matchless power upon the coldest, roughest hearts. That he may at all times be our guide and guardian and sweet Saviour is the prayer that we should never fail to make, not only when we meet, but when alone and pursuing our daily occupations. Then will come new life, and strength, and

hope, and joy, and a passionate love for God and for temperance.

The old lovers of temperance, as well as the whole congregation, felt their souls thrill with thanksgiving and joy when the sermon was ended. They betook themselves to their separate homes after Mass, invoking the blessings of heaven on the head of Father Virgilius.

CHAPTER X.

A SHIPWRECK.



SOME weeks rolled over the Harmon family, when December came, with its wild, cold days and nights, and its dreary, monotonous landscapes. Still, the darkness and the storms of that month gave a character of savage grandeur to the cliffs and the sea. The waves tossed and rolled immensely. They came nearer and nearer in upon the land, washing the adjacent fields with their foam. Young Patrick Harmon had a strange love for roaming over the top of the cliffs at this season. When the waves rose higher, and the sky grew darker, and the storm raved more fiercely, his spirit seemed to enjoy it all the better. Wrapt in an oil-coat, with a hat of

the same material, he strolled along in the height of the gloom and the tempest, listening to the shriek of the wild sea-gull and the breaker's roar. There was a solitary grandeur about the ocean at such a time; there was a wild and melancholy sound in its surges roaring on the rocks; there was a beauty in its great expanse that spoke wonders to his soul! And as Patrick gazed, he felt the influence of such a scene working in his heart. He felt, as it were, the memory of old joys rushing through his mind; felt his soul thrill with sweet, pious feelings towards God and men; and as these thoughts and emotions came into his mind and bosom, he viewed the scene before him again and again with more satisfaction. "What," considered he, "must be the grand, solemn, awful beauty of the eternal sea and shore! What variety must mark their surface! What joy the blest must feel at seeing them, sweetened and charmed as they are by the breath of God!" Whilst indulging in such reflections about nine o'clock on one of those winter evenings, Patrick descried at a little distance, through a heavy mist that hung over the ocean, a large mass like a ship heaving in the water quite near the most rocky and dangerous part of the shore. His fears spoke to him of some terrible impending disaster; and they were soon

confirmed by a fearful sound of splitting timbers and of human voices expressive of agony and despair. He rushed instantly back to the house to inform the family of what he had seen and heard. Old Harmon and Alice brought forth lanterns, and went with all possible speed to the scene of which Patrick had spoken. They had to descend from the top of the cliffs, down by a narrow and precipitous pass along the rocks, to gain the beach below, and, after arriving there, they were obliged to scramble over huge stones, between which the surges foamed and tumbled, in order to reach the sinking ship, which they soon perceived to be in a sad condition. As they advanced, the sounds of splitting timbers and of human voices in pain grew louder and more awful. The vessel had lost its course in the middle of the mist, and dashed against a frightful rock that stood separated from the rugged beach by about twenty yards of water. It was a large merchant brig, and had about fifty souls on board, as one of the crew on deck, who was afterwards saved, declared. Its masts were broken with the violence of the storm and the shock which the vessel received against the rock. The waves entered it immediately, its lower deck being split, and out from the cabins and berths the passengers rushed with screams of terror and despair; some kneeling and praying

to God for protection and mercy ; others, full of their presence of mind, searching for objects on which they might float safely on through the waves ; whilst the rest, forgetful of all in the midst of their horror and anguish, exclaimed that they were sinking and lost for ever. The Harmons did not wait to gaze upon this scene, but Patrick and his father ran a little further on to a part of the beach where their boat was moored. This they quickly put out, and rowed with all haste to the shipwreck. Coming near, they were seen by some on the sinking vessel, and their arrival was hailed with shouts of welcome, thanksgiving, and joy. Whilst the vessel was sinking fast, some clung to the rigging with terrible tenacity, some wrung their hands and screamed at not finding a plank on which to bear themselves over the waves, whilst others jumped over the side of the ship, and strove to swim towards Harmon's approaching boat. Some were yet asleep in the cabins below, but were soon to be lost for ever in the middle of their watery tomb. The shouts ; the sinking ship ; the terrible, misty night ; the awful shore and rocks around ; the mighty ocean, with its raging billows ; the fearful thoughts and feelings that the scene inspired ; the memory of eternity, to which so many souls were rushing, all combined to make the Harmons feel at that time

sensations of pity, terror, and awe. They succeeded in saving as many as their boat could carry, and rowed back to the shore with the utmost despatch, in order to return again to the wreck and rescue some others; but before they put back to the shore, others endeavored, in their madness, to board the boat, already too crowded, and, after jumping in, capsized it. Then, indeed, a new succession of screams, and oaths, and blasphemies, and deaths took place. Some strangled each other in the excess of their rage; more dashed their heads against the capsized boat, and made the billows red and swollen with their blood and tears. But the Harmons, though in the water, were skilful swimmers, and did not fear just yet but that God would deliver them from their present dangers. And he did, because Alice saw their difficulty at the time, and prayed to Jesus and her guardian angel for them with tears and sighs of pity and of love. God heard her prayers, and saved her brother and father. They, with his divine assistance and the aid of another of the wrecked, who was strong and calm, succeeded in turning up the boat again and securing the oars. Whilst this accident was taking place, the ship went down, and only six of the whole number were saved. Patrick and his father rescued five from a watery tomb, and brought them to land in their

boat. Another was saved by Alice. Whilst she was kneeling on the bare rocks over the surging waves, praying for the shipwrecked and her brother and father, she suddenly perceived a dark object struggling in the water before her, and faintly endeavoring to gain the shore. She judged at once that it was a passenger, and, trusting in the power and love of God and her guardian angel, she plunged into the sea, and brought the sinking, shivering form of a young man to the shore. He was about sixteen, and his face, even in its faint and gasping aspect, looked quite bright and heavenly above the gloomy waves.

CHAPTER XI.

THE WRECKERS AND THE SAVED.



LICE succeeded very soon in placing him whom she had delivered upon a large rock at hand, and proceeded at once to use her pocket-handkerchief to dry his lovely features. There was a beautiful smile upon them now, even in the midst of the young man's insensibility. His long and jet-black hair gathered in masses over his smooth, pale forehead, and his clothes, recently rich and handsome, were now stained and torn by

the waters and the rocks. As she parted his dripping locks, moved at the time by the charity of God for her neighbor, she saw his eyes open and gaze upon hers with a look of hope and thanks and joy. At the same time his lips opened, expressing their blindest smile. Alice was more than repaid for her kindness towards him by these expressions of his gratitude. In her eagerness to reanimate the exhausted youth, she did not notice her brother hastening towards her, nor did she observe the number of men who were hurrying from the east and the west, on the beach and the summit of the cliffs, towards the shipwreck. But Patrick came, and wondered to see so handsome a young man whom Alice had saved. He raised him up, and brought him to the boat, where the rest were lying. In the meantime, the men who were running along the shore and rocks to the scene of the shipwreck came with hammers and hatchets and saws, as if bent on some rough expedition. And, indeed, such was the case, for they were wreckers. No sooner had they seen the lamps shine on the rocks and the dark waves from their houses, than they ran at once to enrich themselves with whatever plunder they could gain. They came, and first began to see if any persons on the vessel could be saved. They were not inhuman or cruel, but they did not


scruple to take possession of all that could be had on the lost ship, lest it might be swallowed up in the bosom of the waves. They came to Harmon's boat, and saw the rescued few. They gave them their own coats, and treated them as sweetly and as tenderly as they could then do. When they had discharged this deed of charity, they made, with a wild yell, for the wrecked vessel, in boats which were well acquainted with every dangerous spot near that shore. They searched the whole wreck, and took all the valuables that they could seize along with them. They were succeeded by others who were more lately informed of the existence of the shipwreck. Thus they followed in successive streams till morning came. Those in the boat soon fully revived after Patrick brought from the house and put in their mouths a small portion of brandy. They were all young men, except two of the number, who wore gray beards, and had sweet though wrinkled countenances. When they fully recovered from their fears and exhaustion, they expressed their thanks and praise in tones of the highest gratitude. They walked to the home of the Harmons, led on by the old man and Patrick. There they were cordially and hospitably received, and, whilst taking some wine and supper, the oldest amongst them informed the family that they

had sailed about four or five days before from Liverpool, and were going to stop at Queens-town on their outward voyage to New York. They sailed along very safely till about seven o'clock on that evening, when a heavy mist came over the sea, and put the captain and crew, who were excited with grog, completely out of order. They cursed and swore, and fought between each other, to the great disgust, annoyance, and terror of the passengers. When the danger came, they did not make any efforts to save themselves or the others, but rushed to the grog, drank more freely, and welcomed death with horrid expressions and screams and gestures of defiance and rage. Providence saved but a few, and those had fallen into safe, kind hands. The five who were saved in the boat took their leave the next morning with many expressions of gratitude and thanks ; but the youth whom Alice delivered from death was obliged to remain, as a fever seized his delicate form. He sometimes spoke quite sensibly, but raved nearly all the time. When consciousness returned, he spoke again and again with love and praise and joy of his noble and sweet deliverer. She came to him, and, with sanctity in her eyes and soul, spoke to him of God, his guardian angel, and the Blessed Virgin. He heard the first name with some satisfaction and delight, but paid

little attention to the other two. Alice soon found out the reason when she learned that he was a Protestant.

CHAPTER XII.

A CONVERT.

OON after this discovery, she made every effort in her power to convert the stranger. She spoke to him incessantly of the beauty and truth of her holy religion. She proved her assertions from the evident words of the Holy Scriptures, from apostolic tradition, and reason. Her arguments were expressed with such sweetness and force, and she felt, as she spoke, such wonderful earnestness, that the youth was obliged to admit her assertions, and induced, by the grace of God, to yield to her wishes and become a Catholic. He could scarcely believe that the guardian angel she spoke of was any other than herself, she treated him so lovingly and kindly. "Oh!" said he often, as he raised his soft and shining, thankful eyes to Alice, "if there are purer, holier, and fonder beings than you in heaven, it must be a lovely and desirable land. Your religion must indeed be true, since it can awaken such noble feelings as you possess in a human heart. I have heard your

reasons simply and clearly, Miss Harmon. I have been instructed by you concerning the dogmas, rights, and ceremonies of your church, and am now so well satisfied with their reasonableness and truth that I feel ashamed of my original ignorance and prejudice concerning them." He spoke like one who truly saw the light, and made the first steps towards it. And God did not take away the lamp from his eyes, but brought it nearer, because he found the youth believing and prepared to do his will. The joy of his heart was expressed in his countenance. The glory that he felt at the sudden rush from darkness into light was indicated in his manner and his look and language. "Oh! give me the truth," he cried, "from which I have been so long separated. Give me the heart of Him who said he made bread his own body, and blood, and soul, and divinity for the sake of poor sinners like me. Give me a brighter look into the eternal pages of the book of life, and let me drink large draughts of knowledge from that sacred fountain." As he spoke, his whole face, manner, and person became, as it were, etherealized. He felt like flying to heaven on the wings of faith and love, and could not moderate by any means the quantity of his joy. He did not rave any more. He grew stronger, bodily and mentally,

hour after hour, and expressed again and again a desire to be changed. He wished the priest of the neighboring village to see him. His desire was gratified, and Father Virgilius soon arrived, to find him beautifully disposed to become a convert. The priest soon acquainted him with a knowledge of all those points of Catholic doctrine which Alice Harmon did not tell him. As he became more informed about the Church of Rome, his love and admiration for it began to increase. His spiritual eyesight became sharper and brighter. His capacity to learn grew with his fervor, and he saw, as it were, a new sea, lit up with the glory and beauty of the Eternal Truth and Sunshine. He saw true liberty preached in the Church of Rome—that is, freedom from spiritual despotism, and adherence to the law of God. Father Virgilius made it clear to him that it was the church established by Christ himself, as the Scripture says, and, since it was, one holy Catholic and Apostolic, and superior far in numbers to all the Christian sects combined throughout the world. He perceived from the Sacred Scriptures that Christ would be with it all days to the end of time, directing it and keeping it from error. The gates of hell cannot prevail against it. It had its unbroken succession of pontiffs, bishops, and priests, all laboring in the minis-

try, continent and sweet, for the salvation and love of souls. This Church of Rome had its holy sacraments, instituted by our divine Lord for the spiritual joy and benefit of men, as Father Virgilius proved clearly to the youth from Scripture, tradition, and reason. It honored and invoked the saints, the angels, and the Mother of God, because they are worthy of all reverence and fondness, as the blessed friends of Jesus, and capable of moving his loving heart for our sakes when he wills. The young man now believed with the Holy Catholic Church, from the clear sense of the inspired Word, that it is a "holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they might be loosened from their sins." He saw the common sense and truth of the Catholic doctrine of justification, which means that none can be made just except by faith attended with good works. And he now perceived that this faith was not a mere assurance of one's being saved by the merits of Christ, but a full belief in all the truths revealed by him or taught by his Church, on account of his godly authority. Faith, without good works, is dead, and doth not justify, says the Holy Scripture. The devils themselves believe, but in vain, as their faith cannot gain for them a single instant of light, and love, and peace, and joy. As the sunshine enters and


delights the eye of him who issues from a prison den into the glory of the morning, so the brightness of truth filled the soul of that youth with sweetness and gladness. He got some holy Catholic books that treated elegantly and simply of faith and morals, from Father Virgilius, and exulted at the thought of the pleasure and the profit their perusal would afford him. He kept his mind recollected and his senses calm at this time, in order to receive the sacrament of baptism *conditionally* and with proper devotion. Every day he did not fail to return thanks to Alice for her heroism and her kindness. He attributed to the shipwreck the occasion of his present joy and spiritual comforts. He was now quite elastic, and well able to walk on the cliffs and breathe the full swell of the ocean. He was indeed a noble, handsome youth. His features were beautifully regular, his hair black as jet and naturally curly, his eyes were soft and clear, full of expression, and his smile spoke all the sweetness and beauty of a soul full of meekness and kindness. His uncle owned the ship that went down, and he himself was lost with it. He was a Liverpool merchant, and brought his nephew, George Marlow, across for the first time to see Ireland. George was soon baptized by Father Virgilius, and then, indeed, he felt all the satisfaction and the joy that

spring from the possession of truth; then, indeed, he felt how sweet it was to be a Catholic. He knew, of course, that its doctrines and discipline were pretty severe, and that they savored of the cross and the crown of thorns; but he loved it all the more on this account, because he knew that those would bring him nearer to the spirit of Jesus. He read with avidity and love the lives of the saints, and there he found out truly that nothing in this world is sweeter and lighter than the burden and yoke of our Saviour. He saw that they turned thorns into roses by their love, and vinegar into honey by their patience. "Oh! how beautiful," he thought, "is the inner life of grace and sanctity. How easy to procure it, if one is only willing; how good a Lord I have to take me from the danger, and place me in the bosom of the true church, where religion, morality, and knowledge are so much cultivated, admired, and loved. Praise be to his holy name for ever." With words and thoughts like these George Marlow passed some hours each day. He read some books on the priesthood, and felt a strong inclination towards that sublime and holy state. He dreaded his incapacity, yet he hoped, and, as his hopes increased, all difficulty seemed to vanish. He had in his pocketbook, which was saved, a bank-check for five hundred

pounds. With this he could succeed in going to the city of New York, and enter a college there to become a priest. He would not return to England, as he feared to confront the angry faces of his family, who would no doubt be enraged to hear of his conversion to the Church of Rome; so he imparted to the Harmon family his intention of sailing from Queenstown to the United States in a few days.

CHAPTER XIII.

DESCRIPTION OF SEA SCENERY AND YOUGHAL, IN THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.

HE Harmons approved of George Marlow's determination, but felt sorry to think that he would go from amongst them so soon. They suggested the advantage of remaining in Ireland till the winter would have passed, as a voyage to New York in that season would naturally be attended by some inconvenience and danger. This idea also occurred to George, and made him slow to keep to his old resolution.

The sight of the angry waves also beating against the rocks and cliffs, speaking of all the

horrors of the outer sea, confirmed him in his determination to postpone his voyage till the spring-time came.

It was now near the end of January, and the days were indeed rainy, cold, and dreary ; still, there was a wild and solemn grandeur about the appearance of the lofty cliffs and the great sea that awoke feelings of wonder, delight, and love in George's heart. He went with Patrick some days for a few miles along the rocky shore to the east till he came within view of the coast-guard station of Knockadoon. It was perched upon a chain of rocks that ran out upon the ocean, and looked quite wild and sublime in its proud position, with the sweet hills and valleys of a softer pastoral scene behind it. Underneath were dark caves, into which the waves of the sea entered roaring. Beyond, in the water, lay lovely Cable Island, and Youghal Harbor running into land. White cottages dotted the summit of the dark, rocky cliffs further to the east, and, still further beyond, the gloomy woods of Ballymacoda displayed their solemn beauty.

One day Patrick and George took the little boat in the morning early, and started from home towards Youghal, about ten miles distant. The day was clear, and calm, and frosty. The sun shone gloriously over the deep-blue waves of the ocean, and the scenery on all

sides looked bold and beautiful. They sang and chatted, and fished sometimes, as they flew over the waves. As they advanced along the waters, near the shore, they gazed intently and with joy upon the beautiful coast-scenery of the South of Ireland. It was charmingly varied with creeks, and glens, and woods, and gardens, and sparkling white cabins, and rocks, and caves, and other objects fair and beautiful in nature. They had a music-box in the boat, of great power and sweetness, and its soft, mournful airs, discoursed with such feeling and tenderness, bathed their souls in a sea of delight, and made them more apt to be moved by the exquisite character of the scenery. It swelled over the waves with a magic power, and its thrilling influence, coupled with the gentle rise and fall of the boat on the billows, acted on the souls and senses of the two young men like an enchantment.

They soon came in sight of the town of Youghal, with its beautiful beach, its hills crowned with lovely villas, and its antiquated streets and houses. When they came on shore, everything about that town reminded them of its great antiquity. There was the old clock-gate, which witnessed many a scene of strife on either side of it. There were the old-fashioned buildings and lanes, the quays and the squares, and the market-places.

Some of the streets were remarkably irregular, with dilapidated houses, whilst others displayed an order and a beauty in themselves and the buildings that lined them which indicated a great want of a love for harmony in the construction of the town. George and Patrick went to see what was once the grand old Catholic cathedral of the place, but which was now in the possession of heretics, who robbed the country of its brightest ornaments. It was situated on a hill that overlooked the town and the ocean. It was large and massive, and beautiful in its style of architecture. When they gazed upon its ivy-covered walls, its beautiful traceried windows, its antique doors, and its holy-water font, their hearts were filled with feelings of religious praise and awe. They fancied they heard again the songs of David chanted by the good priests of the past within its walls. They entered, and then their joy was heightened by the grand and serious aspect of the ceiling and the walls. They beheld the same old oak pulpit there from which orthodox orators had spoken in earlier times. They saw the sculptured, tinctured images of the Earl of Cork and his family gracing and adorning the shelves and niches in the walls, but they observed the absence of Him who is the true, eternal ornament of the church of God. There was no

beauty in the interior of that temple, save that which it acquired from Catholic art in by-gone times.

The rites and ceremonies of the one true church were no longer exercised within those walls. There was no altar there where sacrifice might be made to the Most High; there were no candles to give brightness and attraction to the place of God, nor cross, nor image, nor confessional, to which men could repair, that they might be pardoned, blessed, and healed by Jesus. All those were absent, and the dark oak pulpit alone gave evidence that religion and God were spoken of there. Patrick expressed his thoughts and feelings on this point to George, and the latter felt it, since he had seen the bright and holy appearance of the little church and altar of Shanagarry. They soon left the building, and came abroad to view the town, sending up its sounds of life and bustle and joy from beneath them; to see the bay, shining in the sunlight, and the lovely river Blackwater, broad and clear, with the woods and fields beyond. They perceived, just near the church, the house once occupied by Sir Walter Raleigh when he came to Youghal, and the garden also where the potato was planted for the first time in Irish ground.

The house was covered with ivy and rose

creepers, and bore the style of Queen Elizabeth's time. It was quite a curiosity, on account of its antiquity and the fact of that great baronet having lived for some time within its walls. After spending some hours within the town, George and Patrick resolved to return home. The evening was cold and clear, and the moon showed her face, somewhat partially, near the horizon over the sea. They welcomed its appearance with joy, because they knew that its beautiful glow would light them home. Their boat was tidy and beautiful in its shape. There was a brisk breeze blowing, which would soon swell their sails and bear them homewards. The cold increased but their hearts were warm and their souls fair and pure, so they did not mind it. As they went along, they often saw the sea-pigs jumping over the waves; they saw the beautiful hues in the clouds tinging with their glory the lovely sea. They sang songs, ate heartily, chatted lively, and were not slow to express their satisfaction with the day's trip by looks and words and gestures of joy. When they came near the cliffs of Ballycotton, they saw Alice looking out for them on the rocky shore. She waved her handkerchief and clapped her hands, bidding them welcome home. They slept soundly and sweetly that night, and

resolved to start for the city of Cork next morning.

CHAPTER XIV.

A DRIVE TO MOGEELA, AND A COMICAL SCENE ON THE JOURNEY.



HE morning that broke upon the sleep of the two youths was just as bright and lovely as they could desire it.

After an early breakfast, they had old Harmon's jaunting-car and pony brought from the coach-house and stable, in order to go to the railway-station of Mogeela. It was about seven miles distant. A little fellow from the village was to go along with them, and bring back the horse and car to Ballycotton.

The jaunting-car in question was one of the most quaint of its kind. It was a heavy but solid conveyance, having two wheels possessing more utility than ornament. Its two seats were placed one on each side, and their separate steps hung down respectively, like the wings of a hungry, mournful goose jumping into a pond on a cold, frosty morning. It had a well between the two seats and in the middle of the vehicle. Into this spot were put provisions for the road, and other useful com-

modities. A stout, fat, burly boy or girl also took possession of it as often as the side seats afforded them no room. A box for the driver was placed in front, just large enough to afford room for the leanest individual. Upon this box the young chap mounted, and seized the whip and reins. The pony looked rough and stout and cunning, and stamped his foot after a good feed in the morning.

His harness was neat and clean, and he raised, and lowered his head, after the fashion of the proudest steed, in the glorious sunlight. When all was ready, George and Patrick bade the Harmons good-morning, and drove away to the railway-station. They passed along a beautiful country, heard the dogs bark on the roads, saw the children play, heard the peasants sing, and beheld the pigs and goats and roosters enjoying themselves. Whoever they met on the way saluted them with a sweet wish of "God bless you!" They came, after a little time, on the top of a hill that overlooked the sweet village of Ladysbridge. From this spot they beheld a lovely, wide landscape exposing its glorious woods, hills, vales, glens, rivers, and houses to the beautiful sunlight. When they entered the village, they beheld a monkey before a door with a man who had a barrel-organ. At one time the cute little animal played a fiddle, at another time he danced a

jig and puffed a sweet cigar. Whenever he got a penny, he smiled and bowed his head to express his thanks; but when he was refused, he snarled, hung his tail, and turned away with a frown. Patrick and George had not been looking on long when they beheld a novel and exciting incident. The monkey was playing his quiet jokes, whilst the man continued to hold him by the chain, till he was interrupted by the pig who walked on grunting a few yards beyond.

The tricksome quadruped no sooner beheld the lazy hog, for whom he entertained a great repugnance, than he darted suddenly after him, dragging the chain along with him out of his owner's hands. He soon succeeded in overtaking the pig, who ran off the instant he beheld him. He mounted on his back, amidst the yells and laughter of the lookers-on, and seized the hog by both ears with his front paws. He pressed his hind legs against the hog's haunches, and, despite all the exertions of the grunter, succeeded in keeping his hold. The pig jumped over a little fence into the village green, where there was a pool full of ducks. Now the excitement of the scene was at its fullest height when the pig jumped into the pool, when the ducks ran away shrieking, and when the organ-grinder followed after his animal with cries and wringing hands. The

hog groaned again and again under the frightful agonies which the monkey inflicted on him by digging his hind paws in his haunches and wringing his ears. At last, impelled by despair, he made one final and successful effort to rid himself of his persecutor. After failing to shake the monkey off his back, he tumbled into the pool, and sought to get his tormentor under him. By this dodge he soon succeeded in making the monkey relax his hold; and no sooner did the pig perceive his advantage than he darted towards his vanquished enemy, and gave him a terrible punch in the pit of his stomach with all the force of his sharp-pointed snout. The hog then darted off, and left the monkey covered with wet and shame and confusion. No sooner had the organ-grinder recovered his property than Patrick and George continued their journey. They drove along a beautiful road that was lined all the time on one side by a lofty, ivy-covered wall that partly enclosed a large and grand demesne, till they came to the exquisite little town of Castlemartyr.

CHAPTER XV.

PASSING VIEWS OF SOME TOWNS IN THE
SOUTH OF IRELAND.

HEY saw in this one of the most charming little towns in the South of Ireland. It had its bridge and its sweet river, its post-office, court-house, police-station, pump, and village green. Its main street was very broad and level, having houses on either side remarkable for their regularity and neatness. Trees of lofty growth grew here and there, shadowing the sidewalks where they stood with their broad limbs and branches. At the top of the chief street stood the entrance to a large and beautiful demesne. As they drove through the town, they saw the summit of the old castle appearing above the trees, and the flag of the nobleman who kept the place, higher still waving and shining in the sunlight and the breeze. The town itself looked peaceful and lovely. Its inhabitants were quiet and good, and all the time engaged in doing something useful. They quitted it, delighted with its aspect, and, as they journeyed on towards Mogeela, they looked with pleasure at the two cascades on the river which threw their spray silvery-like into the brilliant sunshine. They saw the grange,

with its grass still green though frosty, and boys playing in it. They passed by orchards, groves, glebes, and pleasant fields. The train conveyed them from Mogeela station to the city of Cork, hurrying them along through a lovely country, now flat, now undulating, always fresh and green.

The woods of Ballynona and Kilmountain, the sweet villas nestled on the heights between the trees, the full and lovely river stealing through the groves and meadows, the villages here and there, with the smoke from the houses, and the cattle grazing in the balmy fields, all burst upon the sight of the two youths, and filled their souls with gladness. They soon reached the Middleton station, which they found the largest and the busiest on that line. They beheld its vast and handsome almshouse in the distance, its church steeples, mills, distilleries, and other business buildings, all looking solid and beautiful in the middle of the numerous trees that surrounded them. All the face of the country on the way to Cork looked rich and woody and pleasing, even in the winter-time. After coming to the junction midway between Middleton and Cork, they resolved to leave the train on which they travelled from Mogeela, and enter one which would soon meet them on its trip to Queens-

town. This they soon did, and in a short time reached that pleasant seaport town. George was delighted with the position of Queens-town. It was perched on a lovely hill that overlooked Cork Harbor. Street over-topped street as in a staircase. The masts of the vessels on the water looked like a little forest, they were so numerous. As they came nearer, they heard the sailors singing and whistling on the ladders, bells ringing over the waves, and a military band playing exquisite music on a grand promenade near the waters. They saw the town crowded with foreigners, and the numerous hotels visited by many a stranger. They were delighted with the beautiful appearance of Spike Island, where the convicts were confined, resting calmly and sweetly on the waves. They saw Aurboulin, where the government ammunition stores were erected, running out into the water, with various-colored streamers floating from the buildings that adorned it. The people on every side seemed full of life and joy. The streets resounded with the sound of vagrant singers, fiddles, bagpipes, and barrel-organs. They soon got on board a steamboat which was going to the city of Cork ; and as they coursed along the waves, they beheld scenery that was quite enchanting. They viewed the town of Passage, "both nate, dacent, and situated near the say." There

were seen an endless succession of groves, and sweet lawns, and lovely houses, and rills tumbling down from rocky, moss-covered hills into the waters of the river Lee, over which their steamer bounded. They saw roads outside sweet villages, lined by rocks, covered with charming shrubbery and evergreens that looked quite summer-like in the winter season.

At the various landings at which the steamer called they saw healthy boys and girls, full of life and glee. They perceived various boats upon the river, rowed by persons who seemed to be skilled and delighted in the exercise. Black Rock Castle, with its lovely, antique shape, its solid masonry and handsome sight, seemed to them to rise like a fairy building from the bosom of the waves, and to lend a charming effect to the scenery around it. The beautiful convent of the Ursuline Nuns rose conspicuous to their sight from the midst of the other buildings of the village. The presence of the sweet villas, gardens, statues, conservatories, groves, and lawns along the river made the route exceedingly pleasant till the travellers came to Cork. Here they saw more life and wealth and power than they beheld elsewhere. The streets were thronged with wagons hurrying to and fro, and the sidewalks crowded with women and men. The shops looked rich and neat, though the houses were

not regular in point of size. The noise of the foundries near the quays was distinctly heard, ringing out in the frosty air. The city had some good hotels, an extensive military barrack, many excellent churches, large foundries, a Queen's College, and some splendid schools. The banks, market, and other public institutions were quite in harmony with the size and character of the city. Its people were busy, honest, and kind. Placed in a valley surrounded by wooded hills covered with lovely mansions, the city of Cork, with its various charms and its Shandon bells, seemed matchless when compared with many Irish towns.

CHAPTER XVI.

VISIT TO THE BLARNEY-STONE, AND ARRIVAL OF THE CHOLERA.



AFTER spending a day or two in the house of a friend in Cork, Patrick and George set out for the town of Blarney. They were anxious to gaze on and kiss, if possible, the famous castle stone. They journeyed through a delightful country till the village appeared in view. The castle was placed on the side of a hill encircled with charming groves. Streams and a lovely river

fertilized the plains through which they wandered. The village of Blarney appeared just near, looking bright and picturesque on that frosty morning. It was about five miles from the city of Cork, and the frequent visits made to it by the citizens of that town gave to the village a lively and engaging aspect.

The place is rendered far more interesting and attractive in these latter times by the large and beautiful Turkish bath establishments of Dr. Barter. Here there are separate houses for the rich and poor. Some of the wealthiest and noblest amongst the society of Ireland and England come here to share each other's company and the exquisite charms and joys which the baths afford. The beautiful scenery of the spot and the Blarney-stone form another source of attraction. The excellent doctor has a separate apartment in his house stored with the rarest curiosities, with wonders from the East and every land. His generous nature makes him lay all open to the view of visitors, and his sweet, amiable, noble manners endear him to the memories and hearts of all. The two youths, after visiting the various charms of classic Blarney, were deprived of the pleasure of kissing the stone, as the attempt would be much too hazardous. They heard the old woman at the gate of the castle employ as much blarney as the stone could afford towards themselves


and other strangers. They went away despairing to obtain that eloquence which the magic stone is said to be able to impart, still hoping that they could gratify their wishes on some future day. Before quitting for home, George Marlow resolved to call at the Inman office at Queenstown, and give them notice that he required a berth on one of their best steamships about the first or second week of the coming month of March. But when they came to that sweet seaport town, they were horrified and alarmed to hear that some cases of cholera had come on shore. It travelled across from England, in some parts of which it raged, and was now going to make some victims on Irish ground. Its presence, name, and memory spread terror through the town. The very thought of it seemed infectious, and every one who passed by the neighborhood through which the dying persons moved ran frightened home to use some medicines to resist its power. Upon learning this bad news, George and Patrick did not visit the Inman office, but hastened homewards as quickly as possible by the very next train. Before they left, six persons fell fatal victims to the terrible scourge. Everywhere presented fearful bustle and excitement. The men on the quays, stores, streets, hotels, and railroads were so confused at this dread intelligence that they did not

know what they were doing. The two youths, in the midst of all this fright, heard with delight the whistle of the train that was to take them home. As they flew along, they seemed to breathe a healthier atmosphere. They did not feel the presence of the deadly malady now, but they saw with joy the roads, gardens, evergreens, hills, and fields of the country. After arriving at Mogeela station, they proceeded to Castlemartyr, about one mile distant, and stayed there that night. On the next day George, while standing at the doorway of the house in which he lodged, saw the little boy, with Harmon's jaunting-car and pony, coming up the street. They drove joyfully home, and reached Ballycotton early in the evening. The family of the Harmons were overjoyed at seeing them back again. Gladness kindled in the face of the blind woman when she grasped her son's warm hand. It was beautiful to see that family on that night, so peaceful and so happy. God was remembered ardently in their rosary, in their smiles and words of praise and love. Their jests and joys were simple and artless; their love for moderation evident in every sense; and their attachment to regularity in time and action most excellent and exemplary. There was no anxiety about the morrow, no worldly cares, no plotting schemes to injure or to wrong.

Alice prayed to her angel guardian, spoke of his goodness and his love, and often read holy books to the family. The names of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph were frequent there, and never expressed but in tones and looks of the highest respect and love. But a danger threatened to break in like an angry cloud upon the harmony and the light of this sweet family.

CHAPTER XVII.

HORRORS OF THE CHOLERA AMONG THE HARMONS.

FTER a few weeks had passed along, the awful cholera spread through many a village and town in the South of Ireland. It travelled swift as thought through many parts of the country. Its name brought terror to the good and healthy people of Ballycotton. They feared that its poisonous breath would steal from infectious ships over the waves, and come into their little houses. They offered up prayer and sighs to God to turn away the danger from them, if it were his holy will. They used every means themselves to avert it. They heard with pity and dread of the frightful ravages that it was making in the large towns,

especially in those quarters where poverty and dirt and drunkenness dwelt. They heard with joy of the great courage and love of the priests of their church at this period, how they explored the darkest and most loathsome places in the towns to impart peace, and grace, and hope, and glory to the dying; how they stayed up at nights, comforting, feeding, blessing, and sending souls to God; how they denied themselves food, rest, and pleasure for the sake of those whom they had nourished with the Word and Blood of Jesus. And Father Virgilius bore witness to this truth, as Ballycotton now afforded him some opportunity of displaying his earnest zeal and love. The first case of cholera there was one of the Harmons. The good and pious father of that loving family was the first sore victim. The disease would probably not have visited his clean, neat place and killed him were it not owing to the arrival there of a poor, sick stranger.

This unknown came one evening in the height of the dark, penniless, hungry, and fatigued, from a long journey. He would not venture to enter into a dwelling-house, as he feared the cholera was upon him, and that he would bring death and terror by his presence; so he resolved to steal into a barn near the Harmons, and die there quietly, trusting that

in this way he would not be the cause of any losses to the people of Ballycotton. Old, and almost starving, he had caught the malady but a few minutes before from an inhabitant of the village who was being brought home from the neighboring town to be buried by night in the grave of his family at Killcreden. No sooner had the dying old man crossed the threshold of the barn than he dropped upon the floor, and, with the usual symptoms of that disease working hard upon him, at once expired. Old Harmon, as usual, arose at an early hour the next morning, and, after dressing, repaired, as was his wont, to the barn to see things all right. What was his astonishment and horror to see a corpse, stiff and thin, with an awful look of agony on the features, lying on the ground before him. He shrieked and turned pale, and ran to the house, whilst a terrible chill passed through his body. He feared that the cholera had come, and that he was to be its victim. No sooner had this thought occurred to him than a noble, bright, and loving one at the same time rushed to his mind. He did not wish to let his family know it, lest their attention upon him would expose them to the same danger. He determined to call George Marlow, to tell him to go beyond the house, and that he would speak to him from a distance. George arose quickly

when old Harmon called him, came forth dressed, and ran, as he was bidden, without knowing the reason, to some fifty yards beyond, to be spoken to. The poor old man told him, in tones of pain, that he was dying of the cholera, that he was going to drop in the barn, where another victim was lying dead, that he would lock himself up within it, and begged of him not to inform the family of his end, lest they might fall, but implored of him to hasten with all of them as quick as possible to the house of his brother Dan, on the beach beyond Ballycotton.

George, alarmed and filled with agony at this sad news, thinking it prudent to act as directed, rushed at once into the house, and found Patrick and Alice fully dressed. He did not break to them the dread intelligence, but informed them that their father wished them to go to the house of their uncle in Ballylander, as the cholera was approaching, and that he would follow them. How were they to manage about their blind mother, since she would not go without old Harmon, their lives and hearts were so knit together? She said that God would befriend her in the height of her loneliness, and that she would soon follow them to the house with her own dear Harmon. No sooner had George and the two young Harmons departed with all the speed of which

they were capable, than the blind woman came to the door. A terrible presentiment of some impending danger occurred to her. She augured the truth of this feeling, also, from the confusion of action and voices which occurred so lately in the house, and from her previous knowledge of the existence of cholera in the country. Whilst thinking like this, in front of the misty ocean, which she did not see, with her face on flame with love and devotion, and her hands uplifted in prayer, her ears quickly caught the dying sigh of somebody near. The painful moan came from the barn. She rushed towards it, but found the door locked. She shouted aloud for Patrick. Another sigh came, which she knew to be that of her husband. She ran around to the barn window, and threw it open. She entered, and ran to the spot from which the sound came. There was no other moan, as the heart that before produced it was now without motion. She stumbled against a body. She felt its hands and face. They were not those of her husband, but they were icy cold. A pang of joy and hope shot through her soul, though an icy chill seemed to run through her frame at the same time. "Surely," she said to herself, "the face of the man whom I now heard moaning is not that one I touched, as it ought to be warmer." She went nearer to the door, and stumbled, as she

advanced, upon the body of her husband, shivering at the same time with the cholera. She sighed and screamed. Her fears told her that this was the corpse of her beloved Patrick. She felt his face and hands; they were those of her husband. At this discovery a wild and agonizing scream escaped blind Mrs. Harmon. In the height of her darkness and her woe, she thought she saw her husband lying cold and blood-stained on the barn floor; but her eye of faith and love beheld another scene. She pictured to herself his soul in glory, robed with the light of the Lamb, and plunged in a sea of eternal joy. She felt that she, too, was hurrying quickly to another life; and this emotion made her resigned to the will of Christ with respect to her husband. Weakness and a terrible chill, with a convulsive shuddering through her body, brought her almost lifeless to the floor. In the midst of her physical gloom she feasted spiritually on divine scenes. She felt in her heart a more intense love for God and a greater hatred for sin. She again and again uttered sighs of contrition, and hungered and thirsted for the body and blood of her Saviour. She cried in fainting accents for the priest, and, as she sank, she thought she had her wishes realized in the presence of Father Virgilius. She heard a sudden, rapid, and heavy thundering at the door. She knew

the voice of the priest, and her dying heart thrilled with joy when she heard it. God sent him thither quickly, as old Harmon told George Marlow, before he died, to call for the priest, that he might be at the house in case of any danger. He was not alarmed for himself, as he had gone to confession and received Holy Communion on the previous morning. The priest rushed as quickly as possible, after receiving the sad, terrible news, to the house of the Harmons, hoping to find the old man alive before him. But he was grieved and disappointed to see him lying dead, with the corpse of the strange man, on the barn floor, after his arrival; still, he thanked God that he was not too late to save one soul.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DEATH OF BLIND MRS. HARMON, AND HEROIC CONDUCT OF FATHER VIRGILIUS.



SIGH of sorrow escaped Father Virgilius when he found that two had died without the last sacraments; but he thanked his God that Mrs. Harmon would not go to the other land without receiving them. She was almost unconscious, as he bent over her. There was an

intolerable odor in the barn. Her face was ashy pale. A clammy, oily sweat covered her hands and features. She gasped the priest's name when she heard his soft, consoling voice. She asked for her blessed Saviour. Father Virgilius heard her confession with joy, and gave her the host, as his fingers trembled with piety, delight, and reverence. He did not fear the terrible disease that was raging near him. He thought only of his duty. He was filled at the time to overflowing with a love for God and for those souls whom he had shed his precious blood to save. The Holy Viaticum seemed to give physical light to the glazed and gloomy eyes of Mrs. Harmon. A smile of joy stole sweetly over her withering lips; a celestial expression illumined her features; her eyes seemed animated with a new soul; the glory of the sunshine stole into them, filling her spirit with joy; she opened them out. God had worked a great miracle through the force of the sacrament. Alice's prayers for her mother were heard; but the light of day availed her little now, as she could not long enjoy it. The breeze from the sea swept in through the barn window, and the sky above, with its sun and its lovely blue, spoke wonders of glory and love to the mind of dying Mrs. Harmon. She gasped forth praises and thanks to her Lord; she received,

with delight and grateful love, the holy ointments; she knew that they were meant to raise her body and soul, to banish her waverings, to strengthen her hopes, to make her recline with love on the bosom of Christ, to purify her spirit, and to sanctify her senses. Now, then, when all this was accomplished, she feared not death; she defied the devils who gathered near her and sought to damn her soul; she cried out with more power upon the names of Jesus and Mary and wet with her tears of thanks and love the hands of Father Virgilius.

Now she saw the glory of God around her; heard the sweet voice of her husband, whom she so dearly loved, the soft music of the angels, and the magic tones of God. Her days in the past were ones of innocence, peace, and devotion; so she hoped, with God's assistance, that they would be prolonged and heightened soon in the heavenly land. Thoughts and feelings of love and joy were filling her mind and heart when the last agonizing thrill passed over her frame. She gazed at Father Virgilius, and then on high; and whilst trying to make the sign of the cross, her spirit went up from its house of clay into the bosom of Jesus. There her eyes looked forward no more into the darkness, but into the eternal light of the Almighty, whom she

gazed upon with unspeakable joy, ever lovely without a change; there she mingled in sweet communion with the blest, remembering with affection the ones whom she had loved on earth; there she feasted, without end, in the sight, light, love, and beauty of the blessed Jesus.

Oh! how Father Virgilius felt the truth of all this, as a kind of a sweet, divine vision appeared to him after the death of good Mrs. Harmon. But he could not tarry longer now, as he feared that cases of a similar kind awaited him elsewhere. He was filled with the spirit of a martyr. His great courage, confidence in God, and contempt of death sustained him. God seemed to preserve him miraculously in the midst of this terrible plague, as he usually does his most useful and valuable servants. The priest took his way along towards the cemetery of Kilcreden beyond, and had two graves dug, one for Mr. and Mrs. Harmon, and the other for the stranger. This was quickly done, and without any signs of alarm. The reverend and generous clergyman then took a wagon himself to the barn of the Harmons, and had the three bodies wrapped in shrouds. He brought them unobserved to the graveyard, and interred them himself, fearing to let others near, lest they might catch the infection. By his good nature and discretion he saved a

whole village from the awful effects of the cholera. He ordered the whole premises of the Harmons to be sprinkled with lime-water, and the barn and house to be whitewashed repeatedly. He cheered all who seemed mournful and dull, and bade them not to feel very much distressed at the terrible fate of the Harmons. They had died well and sweetly in the Lord, full of hope and joy at the thought of a happy eternity. In this way he calmed their fears and checked the increase of the terrible malady. Prayers went up hour after hour to the throne of God for Father Virgilius from the hearts of his people. They knew that he loved them with a martyr's love, and that he would die the most painful death to make them both glad and contented. He wondered what became of Harmon's children. He feared that they, too, had died victims to the awful disease when he had searched for them in vain; but some of the neighbors made this point all right when they told him that they had gone to their uncle's on the beach at Ballylander.

CHAPTER XIX.

A COTTAGE BY THE SEA.



ATRICK and Alice attended George Marlow with the greatest repugnance to the house of their uncle. Even amidst the terrors of death they thought it unholy, unkind, and cold to abandon their parents. George could not have succeeded in conducting them had he not been assisted by a few of the neighbors, who were obliged to make use of physical as well as moral exertions to draw them along. The news of the visit of the frightful cholera to the home of the Harmons drew numbers away from its immediate neighborhood. The panic crept through the village with electric speed, and every old fisherman was immediately assisted by his family in whitewashing his cabin inside and outside, and scattering lime all over his premises. George Marlow possessed great presence of mind in the midst of the raging excitement. He did not forget to send with great speed for Father Virgilius at Shanagarry, whilst he drew the two Harmons to their uncle's house. He remembered at this time that the goods contained in the house of the Harmons should not be forgotten, but secured.

He resolved to see about this after he would lodge Alice and Patrick securely in the home of their relative. They soon reached Ballylander and the house of Dan Harmon, who was both a fisherman and a farmer. The front of his dwelling looked forth on the broad and bright Atlantic. His exquisite taste for the clean and the beautiful was seen in the state of himself, his house, and his garden. His three children came to the door when their cousins approached, and welcomed them right joyfully. They looked fat and neat and rosy in their new and pretty dresses. They were not slow to show their charms to the sunshine and the neighbors. Everything about them and the premises looked beautifully orderly. A neat pathway ran down from their house to the spot where their boat was chained to a pole at the base of the cliff, a few dozen yards below. All about the place spoke of comfort. The cattle lowed in their neat stalls behind the dwelling-house. The geese and turkeys, the peacock and the other fowl, kept joyous company in the farmyard, and acquainted strangers with their presence by their varied cries. The thatch on the cottage looked fancy and fresh, the walls neatly whitewashed, and adorned here and there by beautiful creepers, whilst the garden displayed, even at that time of the year, all the charms of a summer sea-

son. Dan Harmon kept a good table. Everything was plain, wholesome, and abundant. The same features distinguished the furniture. There was one room, opening on the sea-view, especially curious and interesting. It deserved the name of the "old curiosity shop," since almost every uncommon and strangely-shaped article found a place in it. There were seen portions of the uniform of Napoleon, such as he wore in the Austrian and Prussian campaigns; there were goblets out of which the kings of England drank; old swords and muskets that did capital execution in the battles of Jena and Waterloo; there were old banjos and guitars that had been strung by master-hands in France and Germany; there were birds of various lands, kept at one time by some princes of the East; there were stuffed monkeys that were born lame and blind; there were pictures that were courted centuries before in the galleries of Florence and the Vatican; there were coins peculiar to every land; exotics of delicious odor, and several other rarities, each possessing charms peculiar to itself. These formed a collection which took many years to acquire. A question might arise concerning the genuine character of these several articles, which might properly be decided by a more veracious authority than that of Daniel Harmon. In this

little spot Alice had spent many a happy hour in sweet conversation with her uncle, and in holy communion with God and her guardian angel.

CHAPTER XX.

VISIT TO AN OLD COUNTRY GRAVEYARD.

LIFT alone to her reflections, the mention of her parents' sad and agonizing death came like the roar of an awful earthquake on the ears of a sleeping city to the heart of Alice Harmon. She could scarcely believe that those dear ones of her soul, lately so healthy and glad, were now cold in the tomb, sleeping the long, eternal rest of the departed. She repeatedly accused herself of cowardice, sin, and want of shame for leaving her beloved ones to die without bidding them one farewell. She sought again and again to persuade her uncle to let her visit the old home, that she might gaze upon those scenes and objects there so strongly calculated to remind her of her lost parents; but old Dan was deaf to her entreaties, and tenderly bade her remember that no good could come from such a sight, but sadness and danger. She yielded respectfully to his maturer

judgment, and thanked God and the angel guardian, even in the midst of her anguish. She now felt that the smooth and hitherto uninterrupted tide of joy which flowed through the hearts of her family was broken for ever in this world ; still, she hoped that it would continue to stream again ere long with eternal life and freshness in the land of her Saviour. One evening a few days later, when old Dan, with his family and his visitors, had taken supper, Alice begged of him, as a favor, with imploring and irresistible accents, that he would allow her to go next day with some of the family to visit the grave of her parents at Kilcreden cemetery. "Surely, dear Alice," said old Dan, "I could not refuse you this request, since I think such a visit a duty which you owe to such fond and beloved parents."

"Thanks, good uncle," answered Alice. "I shall never forget your kindness, and I am sure that the blessed souls of my father and mother in heaven will always remember you."

The following morning looked bright and fresh and lovely in the early spring-time, as it shone over the sea and the cottage and fields of Dan Harmon. Nature seemed possessed of a new life, as returning spring began to expand its lovely and wealthy resources. The waves of the ocean grew calmer, the grass greener, the seeds

which lay in the fields during the winter displayed their development in the shape of fresh, beautiful blades, the plants showed their buds to the sunlight, and hill, rock, hedge, tree, garden, and glen looked youthful and bright to the sight of the people who saw them. Dan Harmon's pony was soon brought forth, gaily caparisoned, and attached to a plain but neat little phaeton. Alice, George Marlow, Patrick, and Uncle Dan at once took possession of it. They drove through Shanagarry and Garryroe on their way to Kilcreden graveyard. They saw the cabins on the roadway abundantly coated with whitewash and lime, scattered around in all directions, to guard against the approach of the terrible cholera. The graveyard soon appeared to their view on the crest of a beautiful hill, with a Protestant church at one end of it, whose congregation on Sundays consisted of some of the family of the minister, a few of the local gentry, and the sexton. Weeping willows, alders, and some fir-trees grew over the graves of the departed. The joyful music of the birds presented a singular contrast with the sad and solemn aspect of the cemetery. The rivulet in the little glen quite near, with the white ducks swimming and diving in its bosom, the rustic bridge, the cabins, with their whitewashed walls and smoky chimneys, the cows and pigs and don-

keys grazing on the roadside, and the dark-blue sea beyond, all formed a lovely scene on that fresh and fair spring morning. Alice entered the cemetery with the others, her face bedewed with tears. The sight of the graves and the gloomy church reminded her of death. She mourned, now in vain, over the fond ones that she had lost. Never more would their glad looks and voices delight her eyes and ears. The clay was fresh already on their grave, but the grass would soon grow upon it, and the wild flowers bloom above their dust.

The memory of their goodness, unexpected death, and loss rushed to her soul, causing a well of terrible grief to spring up there. She tottered with the others to the grave; she looked upon their faces, but she could not speak. She knelt at length, and prayed; and in the deep silence of her fervent pleadings came glad, consoling hopes concerning those whom she had loved and lost. The other three prayed out loud, but Alice heard them not. Her soul was wandering far away in a brighter and a holier land. She knew that her parents did not die without the sacraments, and, full of this knowledge, she was led to contemplate the glory and the gladness that succeed a happy death. She fancied she beheld her father and mother smiling upon her from on high, clad with immortal beauty, plunged in

peace and joy, and bidding her be silent, and not weep ; for they were saved, and would come to her in pleasant dreams, and pray for her continually before the throne of God. Crowds of visions and thoughts like these filled Alice's mind, and made her swoon away into a holy trance. She did not hear the voice of her Uncle Dan bidding her arise, but she felt his touch when he had shaken her, and awoke with a smiling face and heart to tell them of her lovely, happy dream. They were all overjoyed at hearing it, and soon returned home, thanking the almighty God.

CHAPTER XXI.

TRIP TO CLOYNE, AND GLIMPSE OF AN IRISH PATRON.



HE fifteenth of August was approaching, and it was the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin in all Catholic churches.

It was held in great honor in Ireland, because the people gloried in the life and character of the Blessed Virgin. She was the Mother of God, the lover of Ireland, the beautiful Queen of Heaven, and the Star of the Sea ; and why should not their hearts be drawn

to her with a singular affection? On this day an annual patron was to be held in Whitewell, about eight miles from Ballylander; so old Dan Harmon thought he would carry Alice and Patrick and George to see it.

They started with the pony after hearing Mass in Churchtown Chapel that morning. In that little church they saw for the first time the exquisite images of the several stations of the cross adorning the walls, having been suspended that week by Father Virgilius, assisted by a young student from Mount Mellery, who was a relative of his, and possessed the same name. After driving past the picturesque and pretty village of Churchtown, they hurried along a country full of cornfields, orchards, gardens, and pleasant, green groves. The charming town of Cloyne soon caught their gaze. Its lofty and quaint round tower looked beautiful in the swelling light, as it reared its summit above the houses, gardens, and trees. Behind it lay the soft, woody lands belonging to Kilbree, and the hill of Ardaragh, with its grassy summit, on which the cattle grazed, looked bold and grand above more level scenes. They passed by green meadows which were watered by streams in which the ducks and geese were swimming and playing. As they entered the town, and gazed on the tower in all its extent, thoughts came

rushing on their minds about the times of the Danes.

Strange stories were told of that tower. Several believed, amongst the old women, that its erection was due to the labors of St. Coleman, who was the patron of Cloyne, and they attributed the incompleteness of the structure to the following incident: Whilst the saint was engaged one night in erecting the tower, an old woman looked out from a cabin beneath, being attracted by the noise, and, seeing the great building with a man on the top of it, uttered a scream. St. Coleman, fearing that he would be discovered as the author of the work, let his trowel drop, and fled through the air for the distance of a mile, till at last he alighted upon a flag in a field near a stream, and on the face of that stone the image of his person is said to be seen to this time. However strange and ridiculous this tale may appear, yet several of the poor old peasantry around Cloyne believe it to-day. It is also asserted that the bells of the tower could be heard distinctly at a place called Kilva, about five miles from Cloyne, as long as the sister of the saint resided there; but when that holy soul left it, their melody was never heard in that spot any more. At the top of the tower (one hundred and four feet high) George and Patrick beheld a magnificent prospect. The

town beneath looked lovely in the midst of trees. The ocean appeared afar, bounding and raging with its waves of delicious blue. Ballycotton Island, with its lovely light-house, stood peerless in its beauty near the distant shore. Castlemary, the seat of the Longfields, appeared towards the northwest, with its wealth of gardens, trees, and lawns. Rostellan Castle, once the home of the Marquis of Thomand, lay near the bay that entered Queenstown, with its beautiful demesnes raising their lofty oaks and elms to the glory of the sunlight. Each time George and Patrick gazed they fancied that the landscape swelled with fresh undulations of beauty. The glorious sun shone on town, garden, orchard, hill, ocean, vale, castle, and field, giving a fresh and grand effect to their separate charms. Looking down on the streets beneath them, they saw large numbers of horses and cars bearing people in several directions on to the patron. The blind led on by dogs, the lame supported by crutches, fiddlers, pipers, farmers, laborers, and individuals of every profession, were seen trudging along the sidewalks to the scene of the coming devotions. Joy shone on the faces of all, as the day was very fine, and as they expected to enjoy themselves. When Patrick and George came down from the tower, they joined their friends, and set out on their jour-

ney for Whitewell. As they passed along, they saw great numbers of people, who came from miles on every side to make their devotional rounds at the scene of the patron. When our friends reached the spot, they beheld an immense concourse of people gathered in a large field where there were trees and a holy well. It had all the appearance of a fair or a race-course, except that at the beginning it possessed less excitement. Some were standing in groups, talking in a moderate tone, others were kneeling and praying on the bare grass, several were standing alone looking curiously on, whilst many were engaged in selling fruit and other eatables from tables placed a little behind the principal scene. The blind and crippled and the ragged stood or sat in the field or by the roadside, begging from the pilgrims as they passed. They recited a long catalogue of prayers for those who assisted them, but they saluted those who refused to give them any aid with muttered oaths and curses.

Soon after our friends arrived, nearly all on the field went round the blessed well and beneath the trees, which were adorned with ribbons of various colors, saying their prayers to the patron saint of the diocese, and chiefly honoring God and his Blessed Mother in their respective devotions. A profound silence suc-

ceeded the recent hum of discourse which rang through the field. The hearts of those who knelt were raised up with holy, loving feelings to Jesus and Mary. The blind, and the lame, and the poor, and sad, and sick, hoped to be relieved of their various afflictions during that exercise of sanctity. When the devotions ended, the scene greatly changed. The most pious and enlightened of the pilgrims returned quietly home, but the rest turned their thoughts and hearts and footsteps to the tents and public-houses. They drank and danced and sang till past midnight ; and many amongst them found themselves laid up before morning with blackened eyes, broken noses, and bloody faces. The thievish beggars plied their trades successfully. The pipers and fiddlers reaped a harvest in the tents and public-houses. Those who came to the patron, not from motives of virtue or piety, but with intentions of mischief, irreligion, and dishonesty, acted like this ; but the good, holy souls who went on the pilgrimage returned home full of satisfaction, happiness, and contentment. The Harmons were amongst these, and they drove back to Ballylander feeling better in mind and body and heart.

CHAPTER XXII

CHANGES.



OLD DAN HARMON did not fail to have the house and property of his brother guarded ever since the morning that it became untenanted. He had a faithful, hardy, daring laborer in the village to sleep within its walls, and to take charge of it ; but as Patrick and Alice would not consent to live in it any longer, he resolved to offer it for sale to the highest bidder. It was soon purchased at a reasonable cost, furniture and all, by a friendly neighbor. The amount realized by the sale was quite enough to support and educate both Alice and Patrick respectably. Old Dan resolved, after consulting Father Virgilius, to send the first to Loretto Convent, and the last to St. Coleman's College at Fermoy. The end of the following month of August was fixed for their departure. Alice was overjoyed at the news. In the height of the quiet and sanctity of a convent life she hoped to be able to gratify her love for study and devotion ; but Patrick received the intelligence with much less delight, as he was now going into manhood, and as his heart was filled with desires and hopes which could

not be indulged within the College of St. Coleman's. War had begun about this time between the Pope and the King of Sardinia. The wolfish, impious cravings of Victor Emanuel would not, in reality, be satisfied with anything less than a full surrender to him of the whole Papal territory, which was justly acquired and possessed by the pontiffs for so many ages. The lovers of justice and truth all over the world sympathized sincerely with our insulted Holy Father. In Ireland especially he found voices and hearts and hands eager to speak for, to love, and assist him. A spirit of wild enthusiasm filled the land in his favor. The poorest amongst the poor gave some money to aid him; young, handsome, strong, rich, and poor men gathered together from every county to form an Irish brigade for the service of the Holy Father.

A knowledge of the cause and the songs of the ballad-singers through the streets, awakening to action, filled the heart of Patrick with the feelings of an earnest volunteer.

One evening in May Patrick was missed from the house by the rest of the family. Old Dan and George Marlow went to the village in search of him, but could not find any information concerning his whereabouts; yet, on returning home, one of the neighbors told them that he had met Patrick riding in a

car with some strangers towards Castlemartyr about noon that day. Old Dan hoped that his nephew would stay with his friends in that town on that night, and determined to go after him next morning; but he was too late, as he was told, after his arrival in Castlemartyr next day, that Patrick had started for Queenstown on the previous evening to embark with some other young men to form a part of the Irish brigade for the Papal army. This news did not grieve the old man after some consideration, because he admired the holy cause, and was willing to sacrifice his own as well as his nephew's life to help to sustain it; still, he feared for the young man, on account of his impetuous nature and his inexperience. He returned home to console the family, and make them all pray for the success of Patrick. They abandoned all hope of hearing from him very soon. Meanwhile, the months passed along till August came, whilst the country was plunged in a wonderful state of excitement. All interested hearts were full of suspense, watching continually for the result of the various engagements which were in the end to decide the fate of either army.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LORETTO CONVENT.



THE morning at last arrived on which Alice Harmon was to set out from her uncle's home to Loretto Convent. She welcomed it with joy, because it was to bring her to a place which she loved very dearly; still, she felt a natural regret at leaving the family of her uncle and the scenes of her childhood. The parting between herself and George Marlow was touching and tender. He loved her with a brother's love, and, if both their holy vocations had not, as it were, been suggested to them, they would probably have become for ever united; but now each resolved to tread that separate path which Almighty God seemed to point out to them. Alice was going to the convent, and George was to start in a few days for the New Continent to enter college there and become a priest. They expressed their hopes of meeting again, and promised to pray for each other. Alice, accompanied by her uncle, reached Fermoy after journeying for some time by wagon and train, about five o'clock on an August evening. The freshness of summer had not yet forsaken the neighboring scenery.

That lovely town was bathed by the waves of the sweet Blackwater, called, from its beauty, the Irish Rhine. It had its convent, college, churches, and exquisite houses. The richness and beauty of the country around it gave to its aspect an especial charm. Its people looked lively and healthy, and, as the travellers were entering, they were delighted to see the youths of the town playing in the green meadows, and some older ones of both sexes enjoying a delicious, cool walk by the banks of the charming Blackwater. The scenery which Alice beheld breathed a spirit of peace, tranquillity, and innocent joy which she hoped to see increased within the walls of the convent. After a few minutes' walk, the two travellers reached that sacred asylum. It was situated in a beautiful, respectable locality not far away from the Catholic church and college. Its exterior and interior favorably impressed both of the Harmons. All within spoke of peace and sanctity. The scrupulous cleanliness of the place imaged, indeed, the purity of the souls of those who occupied it. As they entered, they heard the bell ringing for the *Angelus*; and its clear, sweet tones, filling the air, seemed to announce good tidings, and to say that love and sanctity were here united. The good reverend mother received our friends with loving kindness, and felt delighted at hearing the rea-

son of their visit. She expressed herself highly pleased with the appearance of Alice, and declared that she entertained great hopes in her favor. As it was now rather late and near the time at which the nuns commonly retired, old Harmon and his niece took their leave, and promised to call the next morning.

After sleeping in the house of a friend that night, they went to the convent next day at the hour they mentioned. The reverend mother introduced them to most of the nuns, and showed them their rooms and schools, and the rest of the building, all very handsome and orderly. They were then conducted to the chapel, which looked indeed a gem, gracefully and exquisitely adorned for the dwelling of our Saviour. Alice perceived in this the temple indeed of peace and love and glory. No other portion of the convent kindled in her soul such a spirit of admiration and gladness. There was the handsome altar before her, on which the Immaculate and Eternal Lamb was daily slain. There was the rich and lovely tabernacle that contained the King of kings. There were the flowers, lights, silks, and gilt, faint shadows of his splendor and beauty. The lovely paintings on the walls, the pews and the rest of the furniture, all silently expressed a deep and powerful meaning. Whilst within, Alice felt herself

quite close to the spirit of God. A sweet and holy feeling possessed her. She fancied herself in the midst of the *Sanctum Sanctorum*. She thought she heard the sounds of angels praising God. She fancied she saw the glorified humanity of our Blessed Redeemer shining brighter than a million suns, the luminous form of the Blessed Virgin and her angel guardian, with the spirits of the saints, giving life to their images, and the souls of many going from earth, saved by the blood of Jesus, into the halls and the fields of Paradise. She would have lingered and thought for the whole day in that sweet chapel had not the reverend mother asked her to enter the dwelling-house. Here that lady made arrangements with old Harmon concerning the cost of Alice's tuition and board per annum in the convent. She promised to teach her poetry, music, rhetoric, drawing, and the other useful and beautiful sciences. After this agreement, old Dan departed, having placed his niece in safe keeping with the nuns of Loretto Convent, where we shall leave her for some time, advancing in sanctity and learning, and go to find out what became of George Marlow.

CHAPTER XXIV.

VOYAGE TO NEW YORK.



ON the fourth day after Alice Harmon's departure from Ballylander for Loretto Convent, George Marlow, accompanied by old Dan, set out for Queenstown to embark from that port in a steamship of the Inman Line for the city of New York. Having already exchanged his check for gold in the Bank of Ireland, Cork, and also procured a berth in the steamship *City of* —, he had nothing to do, after his arrival at Queenstown, but to go on board the boat. This was to sail from the harbor about an hour after their arrival. Old Dan went on the tender, and, after seeing George Marlow safely fixed on board the steamboat, bade him farewell with kisses and tears of regret and love, and then returned to shore. The harbor slept in tranquil beauty. The blue waves murmured musically against the sides of the ships around them. The town of Queenstown, on a lovely hill, with street above street, looked enchanting and bright in the sunshine with the waters, ships, isles, woods, villas, and fields before and behind it. The convicts were working hard on Spike Island.

The sailors were scaling the ladders and singing in the vessels around them. The music of a brass band suddenly burst with a joyous power from the grand promenade beyond, and the passengers paused with intense delight to listen to the strains, and to gaze on the landscape's wonderful beauty. George proceeded, immediately after parting with old Harmon, to get his luggage into order and to secure his stateroom. He found that the last contained two berths, and that his companion was a Catholic German gentleman who was returning to New York after a visit to the old country. This discovery delighted Marlow. When he put all things in order, he went on deck, accompanied by his new acquaintance, and gazed with interested eye upon the exciting movements of the Irish emigrants who left Queenstown, and were going to occupy the steerage on their voyage to New York. When the stewards and sailors carried their trunks and boxes down to the hatchway, they stood with tears in their eyes and wringing hands, gazing with deep-felt sorrow on the receding figures of their friends in the tender who were going to shore, and whom they might never again behold. The memory of their homes and families, of the green fields, valleys, groves, and other scenes of beauty that they liked so well, rushed on them now,

making them feel indeed that "absence makes the heart grow fonder of those things we love." But then, again, they were delighted at the thought of the benefits which the exercise of virtue, truth, and industry would gain for them in the new country. This consideration gave them hope, and checked the current of their tears. "Never mind, Biddy," said a tall, stalwart young man to a sweet, modest maiden beside him—"never mind, Biddy; we will soon be makin' the dollars, plase God, have a nice home, and bring father and mother out to live and die dacently in the midst of us."

"Yis, thank goodness, James," replied the female; "and perhaps some of us would be comin' across in a few years to bring them over, after sindin' money beforehand, as the trip across the say is made very fast, and is thought nothin' of these times." With such reflections as these the emigrants consoled themselves, and feasted their eyes with excess of mournful joy, whilst they had time, on the lovely shores of their native land.

By this time the steamboat had passed the old Head of Kinsale, and the view of Erin became less distinct; George bade a fond good-bye to that land where he had been received so hospitably and kindly, and thought with joy and gratitude of the brave, good hearts of its people, whom he loved so well.

He now turned his eyes to the blue sky above, to the vast, billowy sea, and to the passengers on the steamboat.

He recognized men of many nations gathered there; there was the German, mingling with some of his countrymen, smoking his long pipe, and talking about Vaterland and lager-beer. There was the dark young Italian, with sharp, black eyes and reserved demeanor. He saw Poles and Swedes and French mingling side by side; John Bull was there, devouring, with great satisfaction, a portion of a sweet mince-pie; and Pat, the Irishman, appeared in all his drollery and simplicity, smoking a clay pipe and pigtail on the steerage-deck beyond, filling the ears and hearts of his listeners with bright words and hopes concerning the new country. As the steamer advanced on the sea, the breeze came fuller and stronger into the lungs of the voyagers. George welcomed with joy this glorious and healthy life on the waves. He looked around, and saw the same feelings of joy expressed in the passengers' faces. Some were singing, others dancing, many reading and talking, several engaged in various innocent games, whilst a few sat still and silent, gazing abstractedly over the surface of the great ocean. Moonlight came, and the waves rose higher, and the stars looked out from the blue sky on the face of the lovely sea. George looked with

rapture on the grand expanse of scene above and around him, and felt indeed the immensity of God reflected in the mighty objects that he saw. The wind blew calmly, the lamps on the steamer gleamed over the sea, the music of a violin stole through the breeze that played with the ropes and sails, and sounds of mirth and joy came from the cabin beneath up to the deck on which Marlow was seated. Passengers in the grand saloons seemed to forget the dangers outside them in the height of their joy; they ate, drank, sang, and watched with interest the various tragedies, farces, and comedies which were several times enacted by the cleverest of those on board. They did not consider that in a single instant the shell in which they were enclosed might be crushed to pieces, and buried with themselves for ever beneath the dark, surging sea. They feasted elegantly, and seemed to think of nothing else at the time but the gratification of their senses. Marlow turned away with disgust from the sickly, effeminate scenes he beheld, and listened with delight to the beautiful but mournful songs of the sailors hauling the ropes. He walked down to the steerage to see creatures huddled together indiscriminately, some falling on the slippery decks, others seasick and reclining on their miserable berths, many cursing, swearing, rowing together, and fighting

with the stewards, whilst others bore their ills with patience, and strove to pass the time along with music, games, and interesting stories. The morning of the second day was disturbed by a tragic deed. A dispute arose between a steerage passenger and one of the crew; the sailor, heated with grog, drew out his knife, stabbed the man before any one could interfere, and then pitched him overboard. The outcry and the crime brought all around. The culprit raved and kicked, and threatened to kill whoever would approach him. He was seized at length by some of the crew, and put in irons till his arrival in New York, where he was to be tried by the command of the captain.

On the same day a man discovered his own wife, who had eloped with another about two years before, carrying now an infant at her bosom. Inflamed with rage and madness at her deceit and guilt, he made a brutal assault upon her, wrested the babe from her breast, and threw it into the ocean. Horror and alarm seized the passengers. They screamed aloud, and, as the wind blew stronger and the vessel rocked more violently, they feared that God's vengeance had settled on the steamer, and that they were sinking. The infuriated husband was at once seized and put in irons. His false wife was attended to, and tranquillity in the vessel was soon restored. After twelve days'


pleasant sailing, the steamer reached New York. The morning was a little misty when the vessel entered the harbor, but the scenery, though somewhat obscure, looked very lovely. The passengers, after passing the two noble and beautiful forts that guard the entrance to the harbor, saw on one side Staten Island, like an enchanted isle, rising out of the middle of the deep, with its woods and gardens and villas veiled by the silvery mist of the morning. On the other they perceived Long Island, wrapt in heavier shadows, with its fields and trees and beautiful houses. The harbor was filled with vessels and beautiful steamboats, such as George now beheld for the first time. They seemed to him like elegant floating villas, they were so large, so peculiarly shaped, and were so full of beautiful windows. He felt himself, indeed, like one going into a new land. All around him expressed life and action. The boats whistled, the bells rung, the foundries and factories sent up their clouds of smoke, and the gay little steamboats that passed in such numbers seemed to give to the scene an air of delightful excitement. The cities of New York and Brooklyn caught the eyes of the voyagers. Their immense size, the beauty of their situation, the vast quantity of water that washed their quays, and the number of trees that adorned them,

gave to their appearance a singular attraction and interest. The Castle Garden, so well known to emigrants, soon appeared in front, half shrouded by the mist of the morning. Here George first rested after disembarking, where he offered up thanks to God for his safe arrival on the American shore. The richness, vastness, activity, and beauty of everything around at once enchained him; but he felt alone, even in the height of crowds, and this feeling grieved him. He repaired at once to the Astor House, where he dined and looked over the city directory. After learning from this the names of the pastors of several Catholic churches, he resolved to visit one amongst them who was known by his brethren in the cloth and by the people to be a clergyman of wonderful wisdom, liberality, and kindness. The venerable and corpulent pastor to whom George repaired received him gladly, expressed himself well pleased with his appearance and intentions, and promised to do his very best to advance him. Irish blood ran in that pastor's veins. A life of sanctity gave to his face a sacred and beloved appearance, whilst a taste for exercise and an amiable temper, with a regular mode of existence, imparted to his cheeks an enviable blush, and to his body sound health and an exquisite symmetry.

When George declared his desire to become a Dominican, Father —— felt pleased that the heart of the convert was turned to such an excellent order. He promised to introduce him next day to the father-superior, and in the afternoon offered to give him a ride through the splendid metropolis. George felt overjoyed at the proposal, and most willingly accepted it. In his ride he gazed with delight and wonder on the beautiful buildings, the numerous stages, and the quick and intelligent citizens that appeared upon Broadway. Stewart's vast stores, the Fifth Avenue palaces, and the Central Park made him quite enthusiastic over the glory, genius, and wealth of the noble Republic. He was quite delighted with the varied and enchanting scenes on Manhattan Island. After his drive, he slept soundly that night, and went with his friend, the pastor, next day to the house of the Dominicans, where he was well received with his excellent recommendations and the amount he possessed in gold, which he entirely yielded to the good superior, in opposition to the wish of that reverend and venerable gentleman. Here he remained, studying and being loved, every day advancing in the service and knowledge of God, till the time of his promotion to the priesthood came. There we shall leave him now till we look at him again, and turn our eyes at once to the fortune of Patrick Harmon.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE IRISH BRIGADE IN ITALY.

RELAND has furnished three famous brigades that fought in foreign service. To France, Italy, and the United States belongs the glory of their achievements. At all times they fought on the side of right and freedom. Though the cause for which the brigade in Italy bled was the least successful, still it was of all the most glorious. They went to that sunny land as the ancient Crusaders advanced to Jerusalem, full of the same spirit of zeal, Christian love, and devotion. Like them, they failed, in a military sense, because God willed it. The Most High desired that his church should suffer more because he loved her, and because he knew that she would be purer in the height of affliction; so he let the tyrant triumph in a temporary way till the coming of the day of retribution.

Patrick Harmon stood, a youth of eighteen years, handsome and tall, though stern and dark-looking, on the deck of the *Kitty-go-Swift* on the day after his departure from the home of his uncle. He was not alone on board, as the deck had a crowd of strong and brave young

men, proud of their expedition and the cause of it. Some of the friends of those who were going away came to Queenstown to see them setting out on their holy journey. The land and water scene trembled in the light of the morning. When the shaking of hands, shedding of tears, expressions of mutual love, and waving of handkerchiefs ended, the *Kitty-go-Swift* left the harbor with swelling sails, blessed by the friends of the voyagers. It was bound for Bristol, and the captain assured those on board that they would reach there on the third morning following. The rough billows of the Channel made the *Kitty-go-Swift* dance on their crest like a kite in the fickle air. But she braved their fury, and rode upon them with magic speed, gaining Bristol at the hour that her captain stated. The young men were full of hope and love and real good-will on their journey. In the city of Bristol they met the other young Irishmen, who joined them. From this they proceeded to London over a delightful, flowery country. After leaving the metropolis of the world, they started for Dover, thence for Belgium, and along the Continent till they reached Rome. Here they were joyously and thankfully received by the Papal authorities. They understood that others were following them from the old land, and were informed that the brigade would not

be organized till the full number came. Patrick had not yet recovered from the feelings of surprise, delight, and admiration which the scenes through which he lately journeyed had inspired him. He now saw for the first time the city of Rome, about which he had heard so much ; but it did not look to him like the great capital of the Cæsars. The monuments of their ambition and grandeur had crumbled into ruins, and those noble remains were associated in his mind with deeds of infidelity, tyranny, and violence. The Coliseum, though noble and majestic as a work of art, even in its ruins, seemed red and frightful to his moral gaze. He thought he saw the spirits of the saintly murdered dead rising above its walls, and the souls of those who did the deeds of blood tormented by the demons. He turned from this, and viewed again the grand and massive temple of St. Peter's. Its lofty, splendid cross spoke volumes to his mind of truth triumphant and error subdued. He looked towards the Vatican, where the Vicar of Christ resided, and felt that the promise of Jesus to his church was indeed fulfilled. He felt for that saintly Pontiff, admired his heroic patience, and thirsted to shed for him every drop of his blood. Oh ! could he but see him, even for a moment, get his apostolic blessing, and kiss his ring. If so,

then the fondest wishes of his heart would indeed be realized. And it was the will of God that this desire should be granted to Patrick before he took to the field in the service of his Lord and Saviour. The Pontiff welcomed all the Irishmen in the city who had come from home to fight for him. He saw them, blessed them, and almost shed tears of gratitude and joy when he viewed their stalwart forms, when he knew their grand self-sacrifices, and when he thought of the intense, undying love they had for their religion and their country. Fortified by his kind words of love and welcome, they were full of courage and joy, and longed for the day to come that would see for the first time their bayonets red with the blood of those who insulted and sought to rob our Holy Father. Soon after this the Irish brigade was formed, and it had amongst its officers the clever and daring and brave Myles O'Reilly. Need we speak of him now? Sure his name was always loved by all the men for his valor and his daring. We leave it to better pens than ours to pronounce his eulogy, and shall only remark that his name will live for ever in the heart of every loyal and generous Irishman. The brigade left Rome with God's, the Pope's, the priests', and the people's benediction. They passed through the sunny fields of fair Italy, and Patrick saw, as he went along, the lovely orange-

groves, trees, hills, gardens, lakes, villas, and skies he had heard so much about. It would take too long a time now to follow that gallant band through every changing scene, and to speak of their splendid deeds. In almost every engagement with the enemy, even when they had to fight one against six, they were highly victorious. They always rushed with lion hearts into the thickest of the combat. Ancona, Spoleto, and Castel Fidardo bring back the memory of their noble deeds. Patrick was a general favorite with the men, and every day gave fresh proofs of his bravery. The good hearts of his countrymen never appeared to him so clearly. He viewed their kindness towards the vanquished enemy, their regard for the peasantry, their love for order and obedience, their deep devotion and affection for religion and each other. He saw some of their number cut down, and the deep-felt grief of the rest, who took their bodies, when the enemy left the field, and interred them. He heard them speak to one another about home with love and sadness. "Perhaps," they said, "we shall never see it more; but, if so, God's will be done, and we hope to go to a better country." Though their clothes and bodies suffered much from their long battles and marches, still they never lost their courage, their bright hopes in the Pope's success, and their

good-humor; but on the day when the Italian forces, overcome by degrees by overwhelming numbers, were forced to yield at last to the army of Victor Emanuel, the little remnant of the Irish brigade returned to Rome with downcast hearts, attended by their commander. The war was soon concluded, and the tiger for that time satisfied with the flesh which he had taken for himself and his raging cubs. The rest of the brigade returned to Ireland with the blessings, prayers, and love of the Holy Father. After reaching Queenstown, they were received with praise and joy by their fellow-countrymen. A banquet was held in Cork in honor of them, and toasts proposed to the health and long life of the Pope, the remainder of the brave brigade, Captain Coppinger, and Major O'Reilly.

CHAPTER XXVI.

BROTHER AND SISTER.



HEREVER Patrick Harmon was seen he was honored and praised. The sweet air of Italy and the action of warfare gave to his looks an increasing attraction. His dark, curly hair, bright black eyes, well-shaped figure, and the expression of manly feeling that shone on his face, made him an object of special admiration. The

day after his arrival in Cork his first resolution was to purchase a new suit of clothes, and go to Loretto Convent to see his sister. He determined to bring her to his uncle's for some time, where they might enjoy together a delightful and uninterrupted conversation. Patrick knocked at the gate of the charming convent about four o'clock in the afternoon of that day. When the good nun heard that he was Alice's brother, and that he had served in the Irish brigade, her admiration, joy, and gratitude became unbounded. She bade Patrick be seated, and flew with great rapidity to inform his sister and the rest of the nuns about his arrival. Need we describe the transports of joy that seized brother and sister at that interesting meeting? One should have seen them to appreciate sufficiently the ardor of love that exists between a fond brother and sister. Each seemed to the other changed for the better. Patrick appeared to Alice a nobler and a manlier youth. His holy services seemed to her to have imparted to his appearance a more saintly aspect. The excellence of his feelings shone more externally than ever before. Then he was sweet and gay and free, and fuller of smiles and looks of love than ever she saw him before. He thanked Alice for her prayers, and attributed to them the fact of his escape from death or imprisonment. He remarked that he often

thought of her whilst he was on the battle-field, swimming in blood, looking up to heaven with raised hands in the chapel of her quiet convent, imploring God to guard and save the brother that she loved. As Patrick spoke like this, his tears began to flow, and this feeling sight made the crystal streams run down from the eyes of Alice. This expression of her emotion gave to her person a more touching beauty. Now she was over sixteen, in all the bloom of maidenhood. The natural modesty of her looks received an increase during her stay in the convent. The knowledge that she acquired within its walls gave a more intelligent expression to her pale but polished and lovely chiselled features. The frequency of her devotions gave to her looks that expression of resignation and Christian tenderness which is so perfectly in keeping with the character of God's saints. The lustre of her eyes looked milder than when Patrick last saw her. Her whole appearance spoke of a heart full of purity, tenderness, peace, the love of God, of her neighbor, and the sweetest good-humor. Patrick drank in all this with a thirsty soul, and thanked God from his heart that he was pleased to consecrate to his service such a pure, pious virgin. Each read the thoughts that were passing in the other's soul, and they were drawn still nearer to each other by a golden chain of love that would never be

broken. How pure, how saintly, how divine were these feelings! At any moment each was ready to sacrifice the other to do the will of God. It was this spirit of disinterestedness that gave such beauty to the character of their love. The nuns perceived that this was the case, and regarded the brother and sister with increased admiration. They heard with sorrow that Patrick was going to take away for some time from amongst them Alice, the gem and the star and the joy of their convent; but they were glad to know that she was about to return again ere long.

They had the prayers and blessings of the good nuns on their departure, and on the evening of the following day they found themselves in the old curiosity-shop of old Dan Harmon, after giving himself and his family a sweet surprise by their unexpected arrival. Old Dan was just after returning from Cork, where he went to look after Patrick, and to welcome him back again to his native home. His heart swelled with joy, and he gave thanks to the Lord when he beheld his niece and nephew again after their long absence. He recognized their change for the better, and he was proud of it. He killed the fatted calf, and made great rejoicings over their arrival. The neighbors were invited, and were overjoyed to see the *bouchil* who had fought so well in the

service of his church and the Holy Father. They were all delightfully entertained by his descriptions of the several engagements and adventures through which he had passed, and the whole surrounding country soon rang with his praises. The uniform that he brought, together with his other accoutrements, helped to enlarge the wonderful stock of old Dan's curiosity-shop.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A VISIT TO MOUNT MELLARY.



AFTER a month had passed in Ballylander, Alice returned to Loretto Convent, whilst Patrick continued in his uncle's home, assisting him in the management of his farm. Almost six months flew on in this manner, when Patrick at last got tired of his condition, and resolved, in spite of his uncle's wishes, to go to the United States and enter the Federal army. War was proclaimed a short time before between the North and South, touching the question of secession and slavery, and Patrick thought that he would ally himself again on the side of freedom. He courted a military life. In the middle of war he felt in the height of his glory. He felt

that a wide field now opened itself for the gratification of his ambition ; so he thought he would enter it. Now, it was the summer-time, and Alice came home to Ballylander to spend her vacation. She was now quite accomplished, and lovelier than ever. Her idea was to become a novice soon, and to take the veil when the time came that saw her fit for it. She tried to argue with her brother, and prevent him from going to America ; but she could not bend his will on this occasion. She loved him so dearly that she could not bear to sleep beneath a sky that did not look down on both of them at the same time. When she found that he was so immovable on that point, the thought occurred to herself of going along with him to New York, and becoming a Sister of Charity. A divine voice seemed to tell her that her services in that character would be needed for the dying in the battle-field and the hospitals ; so she cherished it as a great grace, and resolved to put it into immediate execution.

It was agreed that brother and sister would start for New York in two weeks' time. Old Dan gave them up to God, gave them all the money that belonged to them, and more besides out of his own pocket-book. He requested them, before they left for New York, to pay a visit to the Abbey of Mount Mel-

lary, and get the prayers and blessings of the good monks prior to their departure. This proposal seemed both religious and charming to the brother and sister, so they got ready to start for that spot early next morning. After arriving at Youghal, they went on board the steamer *Fairy*, which adorned the dock in which it rested and the bay around it. Its decks were thronged with passengers, as there was a general excursion, and as the day was so bright and lovely. The captain, a tall, mild, and fair-looking man, put all things in order, and soon the pretty steamboat started, splitting the waves, and adding by the noise of her paddle-wheels to the melody of the German brass band which played on board. The *Fairy* soon shot into the Blackwater, and the glory of the silvery surface of that river was beautiful to see. The placid woods on either side, the hills clad with shrubbery, the sweet, grassy vales, the sedges, villas, and gardens that the passengers beheld, lent an enchanting aspect to that beautiful Blackwater. The sun that shone on the rivers and fields of Ireland had a mellowness about it that intoxicated the senses, and the passengers on the boat enjoyed the warmth and the delicious breeze, whilst their eyes and ears drank in the beauty of the scene and the music of the birds and German band that filled the air around them. Stran-

kally Castle, the home of Moor Smith, burst on their gaze. It looked like a fairy palace on the edge of the river, with the sun lighting up its windows, and the trees at hand casting partial shadows around it. After passing this, they beheld more open scenes of meadows, orchards, and corn-fields exhibiting their riches to the sunshine. Lord Steward's castle rested on a mighty rock that beetled over the river some distance onward, and the sylvan splendor of the scenes around it drew frequent exclamations of satisfaction, admiration, and delight from the lips of the passengers. After some pleasant sailing, the lovely town of Cappoquin appeared, bathed by the waves of the sweet Blackwater. The Knockmeldown Mountains arose in the background, and in right royal splendor, tipped on their summits by the beams of the sunlight. Villas, demesnes, roads, woods, and fields gave a charm to Cappoquin, which was the centre of their beauty.

After disembarking from the steamboat, Alice and Patrick hired a jaunting-car, and ordered the driver to conduct them to Mount Mellary. He cracked his whip with joy, bade his horse begone, and soon brought his passengers out of the town along a charming road that was adorned on one side by a deep, picturesque glen and a stream that came down

from the mountain. "Lady and gintleman," said the loquacious driver, "you are going to the grandest and finest spot in the whole of ould Ireland. 'Tis there you will see the holy monks that feed all the poor round the counthry; 'tis there you'll see the fine bread and praties made and grown by themselves, and the fields that look like kitchen gardens in the midst of the quagmires and mountains. Sure we all love them, they are so good and such a blessin' to the counthry." The innocent and truthful cabman continued to talk like this till he brought Patrick and Alice on the top of a hill that looked on the abbey and mountains. The monastery appeared to them indeed as the driver had briefly described it. There it lay in the midst of groves and gardens and richly-cultivated fields, looking twice more beautiful by contrast with the rugged hills, sterile glens, tracts of heather, and mountains around it. They passed by Healy's Wood, through which a river wandered by lovely rural scenes, where the wild flowers, raspberries, and hurtleberries grew side by side. The driver told them that that spot was very well known to the students of the abbey seminary. Now the rugged aspect of the mountains appeared to them in all its beauty. The houses of the mountaineers looked white and lovely, as well owing to the wild grandeur of their situation as to the splendor

of the sunshine that enlightened them. In a few minutes they reached the abbey lodge, after passing Miss Walshe's boarding-house, where some students resided. The aspect of the abbey leading to the monastery gave them a correct idea of its inward peace, it looked so silent and so lovely, with the sun shining through the trees on each side of it. As they went along, they met some of the good monks working in the fields. Their habits were of thick brown cloth, and tightened at the waist by a girdle of the same material. They work away in silence, thinking of nothing but God and their duty. Though eating but about a meal and a half a day, they looked fleshy, and red, and strong, and contented. They lived with even more simplicity than the shepherds long ago, and seemed to enjoy far better spirits and health than they did. When our travellers saw the abbey and the monks, and heard the sound of the bells, they felt that they were moving upon holy ground. They observed the beautiful school-hall, with its lovely green, the large and old-fashioned church, the hospital, and other big buildings which formed the monastery; and as they did, the memory of the history of Benedictine monks of old came back to their minds, laden with holy and joyful memories. They were hospitably entertained at the guest-house. The good brother who

waited on them was all the time full of smiles. He alone, with some few others, had permission to speak, as his duties required it; and, indeed, it was no harm that he should be excepted, as almost every word that dropped from his lips was sufficient to sanctify. He continually observed the severest and most voluntary abstinence and self-denial in the very middle of temptation, as he was always surrounded with wines, meats, fruits, pies, and other exquisite eatables. This brother informed our travellers that, apart from necessary exceptions, they were all bound to keep absolute silence; to live exclusively upon vegetable diet, and even then on about one meal and a half a day; to retire about seven o'clock in the evenings, and rise at two, when the chanting of the holy office began; to observe the ordinary solemn vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, and never to quit the abbey unless one received a special dispensation from the Sovereign Pontiff. Alice and Patrick sat near a window, after refreshing themselves, and gazed out upon a sweet and peaceful scene. It was the abbey cemetery. Flowers grew near the graves of those who were gone; beautiful gravel-walks surrounded them; trees grew near, filled with linnets and robins, who warbled delightfully. The walls of the monastery completely enclosed this enchanting little cemetery, and the holy priests and monks

walked up and down the gravel paths, meditating deeply on the mighty truths which the graves at hand suggested to them. But soon the bell for vespers rang, and the good, pious monks of the choir withdrew to the church to chant that portion of the holy office. Alice and Patrick followed, taking their seats in a lofty gallery which overlooked the grand, high altar, before which the good religious prayed. All the glory, beauty, and divinity of their belief rushed in upon them when they heard the solemn, sacred psalms recited by that choir within the abbey walls. God was present in the middle of his humble priests and the lay brothers whom he loved so well because they voluntarily returned to him all that was his own. Patrick and Alice saw other visitors there besides themselves, chiefly drawn there, as they said, by the well-known sanctity and virtues of Father Paul. They wanted to see him, to kneel before him, receive his blessing, and be better souls. The fervor with which they spoke of his excellence made Alice and Patrick burn to see him also ere they would depart; but as it was now rather late, they were obliged to wait till next morning. Then the wishes of their hearts were gratified, and they set out from Mellary with thankful hearts, begging of God to shed additional glory and blessing upon that lovely asylum of gladness and peace, where saints were

formed, God adored, the poor fed, and so many weak, sad, and unholy hearts were strengthened, sanctified, and cheered.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MEETING A FRIEND.



LD Dan Harmon was overjoyed to know that his niece and nephew felt so delighted with their trip to Mellary.

They assured him, on their part, that its memory would continue with them till they died, and that they would publish its sanctity and beauty on the other side of the Atlantic. But soon the day of their departure came, dawning sadly on the soul of Dan, since its afternoon would find him separated, perhaps for ever, from the two he loved. He left them at Queenstown, comfortably fixed on board the Inman steamer, *City of* ——. They shed tears at leaving old Dan and Ireland, as they thought of his paternal kindness, their sweet native home, Loretto Convent, and the friends they loved. The beautiful town and harbor soon faded from their view, and a glorious sunset shone over the still, calm sea, as they saw for the last time the shores of dear Ireland.

The sublimities of the ocean scenery, by sun and moonlight, had a greater charm for them than for Marlow, because they were taught to love them from childhood, and they now possessed what he had not—*viz.*, the delightful chance of sharing with each other by conversation the beautiful thoughts and feelings which the grandeur of the landscape excited. Day after day passed, opening to the view of the voyagers the very same scenes which Marlow had witnessed. Pretty nearly the same class of travellers crowded the decks of the *City of* —, so we need not wait to describe them. After eleven days of pleasant sailing, they reached the Castle Garden. Here they were overjoyed to see George Marlow, who, in his answer to their last letter, promised to meet them upon their arrival. What happy feelings filled their hearts at meeting their friend again! Even in the midst of the crowds who were hurrying from the Castle Garden they could not restrain themselves, but gave way to tears and sighs and expressions of joy. Oh! the beauty of friendship. What love and delight it awakens when the hearts that contain it are pure and act solely for Jesus! The sight of Marlow brought back to the minds of the Harmon the memory of the old joys, scenes, friends, and associations of their native home by the sea-side. He, too, had at seeing them

become warmly affected, and their presence brought back to his mind the deep debt of gratitude that he owed them. Each seemed changed to the other, but still for the best. Each perceived in the other the external marks of their vocations. George Marlow saw in the person of Patrick one who seemed formed from infancy for the life of a soldier. He congratulated him most heartily on his valiant services in Italy for religion, justice, and our Holy Father. He saw in Alice all the requisite materials for a good Sister of Charity. Love shone in her eyes, spoke in her voice, and gave life to her sentiments; so she seemed fitted by nature for the life she had chosen. Marlow, too, appeared to possess all the signs that generally mark the vocation to the priesthood. Ever since his conversion he was drawn by an irresistible desire towards that elevated station. He was now intelligent, pure, dignified, good-natured, and holy. He looked grave and fair, and increased in size since the Harmons last beheld him. His dress, his manner, and air marked him at once as an aspirant to the priesthood. As Marlow was no longer a stranger to New York, he found no difficulty in hailing a stage that would drop him quite close to the Astor House. Alice had never before seen such a large city as New York, so she was delighted and filled with

wonder on beholding its splendid banks, stores, churches, and hotels. She thought that the human wave on either side of Broadway would never end. Its bustle and uproar appeared in strange contrast with the solitude and silence of her old, beloved home. She gazed out of the stage at forms walking rapidly past with minds and every sense involved in business, striving to frame and execute plans that would bring more dollars into their pockets and houses. Ah! thought she, how many amongst that crowd are forgetful of Almighty God. Intent alone on money and pleasures, they fly along to meet, perhaps, with a terrible doom. Still, considered she, everything around and above them is calculated to remind them of their final end, if they only reflect upon their great Creator. Such reflections occurred to the mind of Alice, when her train of thought was suddenly checked by the abrupt standstill of the stage in which they rode before the Astor House. Here they had rooms and supper, after which Marlow bade them good-evening, with a promise to call on them next morning. Faithful to his word, he came at the time appointed, and invited the brother and sister to be present next day at the church of his order, where they would witness his promotion to tonsure.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AN ORDINATION.



THEY came at the hour marked out for the ceremony, and were glad to hear that two deacons were to be advanced on that day to the state of priesthood. The church was beautifully adorned, and the altar seemed brilliant indeed in the midst of splendid paintings, lights, satins, and flowers. The organ pealed forth in deep, rich tones the hymns that our Saviour loves. It was now slow and grave, again fast and sweet, then just between, till at last it swelled with active, mighty power, speaking, in rapid, inspiring, joyful airs, the soul of music. As Alice and Patrick listened in that sacred spot, they thought that the melody came from the throne of heaven. They saw their friend approach from the vestry, clad in his cassock, with a clean, white surplice, emblem of purity, suspended on his arm. They saw two deacons drawing near, clad in alb and stole and maniple, with candles such as George had in their hands. Their eyes were shut to the world, and gazed alone on scenes of spiritual beauty. The bishop soon came forth, clad in his splendid vestments. Some people were there, looking on the scene with delighted hearts. The

blaze of lights on the grand altar, the rich and shining vestments, the stream of glory that the sun shed in on the varied group, the tones of the organ, all looked like a heavenly scene to those who gazed on them. Mass began very soon, and, after a little time, George Marlow was advanced to the tonsure. Now he belonged indeed to the band of holy clerics who were of the army of Jesus. He said to the bishop before his promotion : "*Dominus pars hereditatis næ et calicis mei tu es qui restitues hereditatem meam mihi.*"

The organ played more sweetly and more joyously, giving thanks in song at the end of that sacred ceremony ; but when the time came for the deacons to advance, the attention of the observers was more keenly excited. Those two candidates for the ministry had already renounced the world, consecrated themselves to God by their solemn vows of purity, and had the holy spirit of the Lord filling their hearts as it did that of St. Stephen. When they saw them prostrate themselves before the altar to show their submission to Almighty God, the spectators were deeply affected. Then they arose, fresh and hopeful, with their faces finely expressing the light and the fire of their hearts. They received again the spirit of God to fortify, inflame, and illumine them. They touched ere long, with anointed fingers, the chalice, host,

and patina, and just then obtained from the bishop the power to offer up the pure, divine sacrifice which Malachias foretold would be made to God, "from the rising to the setting of the sun, throughout all nations." They next received from the bishop that power which our Lord gave to his disciples when he said, breathing his spirit upon them: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost: whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." When the bishop pronounced these words, the assisting sacred ministers unfolded the chasubles of the newly ordained, who soon retired to find themselves priests of the Most High, occupying a position that possessed more power and glory than all the force and grandeur that kings and emperors could bring into command. Now they were clad in the robes of Melchisedec, grand representatives of Christ, who had filled them with such torrents of graces. They stood endowed with the same power which he had brought upon earth from his Heavenly Father. They had the faculty to offer sacrifice to the Most High, to remit or retain sins, to preach, to confer the sacraments, and in various other ways to bless and sanctify. Full of this consciousness, the two young Levites were filled with a humble joy.

They advanced to drink that sacred blood

“that makes virgins,” and to partake of that blessed flesh which is the food of the good and holy. Then the eyes of their spirits beheld angelic forms advancing, shedding with their lovely wings the light of beauty around them, and singing songs of affection, praise, and joy to their Saviour. The incense of prayer rose up to the clouds from the hearts of the assembled adorers. The organ played with more spirit and sweetness till the Mass ended, then the solemn, grand, and deep strains of the organ, entoning the “Te Deum,” resounded through the sacred building, plunging the hearts of those who listened into a regular delirium of thanksgiving and joy. The Lord was good and kind to his people; so they praised and thanked him. The bishop addressed some words of love and hope and congratulation to the newly anointed, and the tone of his voice and the style of his language were full of feeling. All blessed him in their hearts, and resolved never to forget his affection and his kindness.

CHAPTER XXX.

A SISTER OF CHARITY.



ARM and many were the congratulations which his friends bestowed on George Marlow. The young cleric introduced the two Harmons to the superior of the religious house, and told him their plans for the future. He spoke to them in words of welcome and exceeding kindness, and at the same time consented to be the guardian of all the money that they possessed till they required it. It was resolved that Alice should go to Mount St. Vincent Academy, the great nursery of the Sisters of Charity, and there be fully instructed in all the duties of her vocation. As the Irish brigade, under General Meagher, was after being organized, Patrick thought that he would enter it. He acted in this way because he was an old national-brigader, because he loved Thomas Francis Meagher, and desired to fight again under the banner of Ireland. Let us accompany Alice Harmon to the Academy of Mount St. Vincent.

Situated about one mile and a half above Riverdale, on the eastern bank of the Hudson, stood the large and beautiful Academy of Mount St. Vincent. The castellated appear-

ance of one part of it, united with the plainer and more modern style of the other, made it look more varied and grand in the midst of the beautiful scenery around it. The Palisades arose in front of it in all their stern grandeur, bathed at their base by the bright and swelling waves of the noble Hudson. This glorious river rolled along, giving a living charm to the scenes on either side of it. Mount St. Vincent looked royal and peaceful amidst the woods, villas, and charming gardens that lay quite close to it. Fresh, life-giving air, beautiful skies, and charming water and sylvan scenes delighted the hearts and senses of its pupils. A very heaven of peace and beauty, it awakened feelings of admiration, joy, and praise in the hearts of the travellers who sailed in the steamers that passed it in the summer-time. Not only was it the temple of loveliness, affection, and peace, but it was the shrine of knowledge and sanctity also. Thither the daughters of ladies of fashion and wealth, both Catholic and Protestant, came to be taught music, drawing, poetry, literature, and the other useful and beautiful sciences. Religion was there the queen of accomplishments. Every branch of the arts and the sciences was there tinged with her beauty, and the pupils, indeed, felt the good of it, because they returned to their homes,

when the vacations came, docile, sweet, and obedient. And to whom could all this success be attributed? To the labors of the sisters. The Sister of Charity was destined by God to give aid to his ministers in the reformation of society. She was raised up as a savior to the orphan, a lamp to the benighted, and a source of help and joy to the starving, sick, and dying. She consecrated her body to Almighty God, and the modest light of her eyes spoke of her lily-white purity. Her life was sweet and tranquil, and her soul was fed almost every day with the lessons and blood of Jesus. She had many friends, and those were chiefly the saints, whose beautiful lives she endeavored to imitate. She loved the children dearly, because our Lord was fond of them. Their innocent ways fed her own spirit of innocence. She delighted in turning their minds and hearts to a knowledge and love of Jesus. She shone pure and fair in the walks of the garden when the early morning beamed on the beautiful scenery around her. She passed some time in meditating deeply on the truths of God and the shortness of existence.


Then she might be seen at another time walking through the streets on a mission of kindness. She was most frequently seen where the poor and abandoned resided, turning their

eyes of faith to bright, spiritual scenes, and feeding their souls with good thoughts of love and of piety. The study of her whole life was to try to make the miserable happy in the heart of Jesus. Had she the means at her command, she would endeavor to make sin and horror fly from the bosom of society. Let those who died in cells, and dens, and decent homes, and on the battle-field, speak of her wonderful kindness. The last day will reveal all to the minds of all the human beings that ever existed. The Sister of Charity does not seek for an earthly reward. That faith which she loves so well bids her look forward for a prize eternal. And she does so. She knows that her pains, labors, and sorrows here will be turned into bright crowns of sweetness, rest, and joy hereafter. She strives to make others feel the value of this truth by her life and teachings. The children whom she educates grow up like doves in the house of God, cherishing in their hearts those beautiful feelings which her lessons awaken, and retaining in their minds that clear and solid knowledge, caught from her instructions, which makes them ever after an honor to their homes, an advantage to the world, and an ornament to society. Because Alice knew that such was the character of a true Sister of Charity, she desired to become one, and her wishes received at Mount St. Vincent a most cordial encourage-

ment. There she was safely and happily placed by her friends, a real jewel amidst diamonds, and in that spot we shall leave her to virtue and God and pure joy whilst we shall look after Patrick and Meagher's brigade.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MEAGHER AND THE IRISH BRIGADE.

HE name of Meagher ought to be enough to make one a patriot, it is so closely united with deeds of valor, self-sacrifice, and love, all done for God and his country. He was the very *beau ideal* of an ardent and accomplished Irishman. The son of a wealthy citizen, born in the town of Waterford, Ireland, he cultivated from his youth a great love for his country. This love was not confined to mere language and sentiment, but shone forth in heroic action. Impulsive, talented, and full of the poetic genius of his native land, which ever seeks for grand and romantic incidents, he joined the party of Young Irishmen in '48, and was not the least beloved in that gallant but unsuccessful band. The greatest object of his ambition was to secure the freedom of Ireland. To gain this he was ready to sacrifice health, wealth, friends,

and even his own existence. But his darling hopes were blasted, his glorious efforts failed, and he found himself before long a prisoner at the bar, in company with other patriots, branded by the government as a felon, because he sought to remove tyranny from Ireland. His speech delivered on that occasion remains to us an imperishable monument of his patriotism and his genius. Sentenced to while away his years in the wilds of Van Diemen's Land, he did not lose all hope, even on his voyage there, of gaining salvation for Ireland. God did not will that he should pine away his fine young life in that far-off country, so he aided his escape, in company with some patriot friends, to this glorious and adopted land of so many Irishmen. Here he breathed the air of freedom amongst a people who idolize the very name of liberty. His handsome figure, splendid address, amiable manners, soldierly accomplishments, and thrilling eloquence, have made his name beloved and dear to every admirer of excellence and beauty; and with all this he was not proud, as he was endowed with the humility of the Christian and the patriot. He loved America, the land of his adoption—that land which received him bleeding, as it were, from the oppressor's grasp, and opened its riches, honors, and joys to his down-trodden countrymen. Fired by feelings of gratitude

and love towards the great republic, he did not hesitate to shed his blood for the North, which so gloriously maintained the side of right and freedom. Troops had already hurried from New York to the field.

The idea of forming an Irish brigade was very much approved of by the Federal Government ; and, indeed, the gallant, healthy sons of Ireland were wild with joy at the thought of fighting for the land of their adoption, and beneath the command of him whose name was a source of pride and honor to their country.

Patrick Harmon did not appear the least noble, brave, and handsome-looking of the *boys* who formed the gallant Sixty-ninth. Full of the true Irish blood, he longed for the battle and the shout of war.

The whole brigade were as jolly and as full of joy on the day they left New York as if they were going to play a game of foot-ball on the green fields of old Ireland. They were proud of their commander and of their heroic and saintly chaplain. In the field they were the pith and marrow of the Federal army. Fatigue, disappointments, fire and blood and death, were despised by them. They were fortified bodily and spiritually, and, though not furnished *at this time* with a *baptized cannon*, yet they feared no danger. They revelled in the smell of gunpowder ; and when the flame

and smoke and thunder of battle arose, they could not stay in the background, but rushed in front to be victorious.

The wonderful zeal and courage of their chaplain inspired them with additional valor and piety. When he could, perhaps, have sat in his tent like an Eastern prince, in the centre of ease and of luxury, he was abroad cheering the men, sharing their toils and dangers, elevating the dying to the life of faith, and often satisfying the burning thirst of the gasping soldier. Patrick Harmon watched all this, and he was drawn by a kind of irresistible love to the heart of the active, good-humored, pious, and high-souled reverend father. He distinguished himself so bravely in the various engagements through which the Sixty-ninth passed that he was highly advanced in the sight of the men and of his commander.

Each time the brigade gazed on their standards, where they saw the stars and stripes united with the undying green, their hearts swelled with love and rapture for their native and adopted countries. They thought of the glory which their fathers won at Fontenoy and in other fields, and this reflection quickened their courage and their thirst for victory. Through flame, and shell, and smoke, and death they hurried after their beloved commander. Fair Oaks, Malvern Hill, and Antietam bear

witness to their heroic deeds; but their ranks were lessening fast, as they were not made of adamant to resist the terrible broadsides which were so often poured in upon them by the enemy from every quarter. At the heights of Fredericksburg they suffered frightful slaughter; but, full of enthusiasm and a desire for victory, they would not think for an instant of remaining behind their heroic commander. They loved him intensely, and would die for him at any moment, because they regarded his whole being as the very personification of the genius of Ireland. The hand of Providence must indeed have protected Patrick through all the engagements up to the time that the regiment was broken, as he always escaped even from the slightest wound, though he constantly exposed himself in the very front to the fierce fire of the enemy.

Whilst he is revelling over the glory that his regiment is winning for America and his native land, let us return and take a view of his sister Alice.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A WOMAN'S BRAVERY AND DEVOTION.



ALICE Harmon had not been many months in Mt. St. Vincent Academy before she was thought fit, owing to her varied talents and accomplishments, to become one of the sisters. Her heart sighed for action, which she considered the fruit of a spirit of sanctity. She often thought she heard the thunder of the artillery that shook the battle-fields of America ringing in her ears. The groans of the dying and the varied horrors of the civil war awoke deep feelings of love and sympathy for the wretched in her heart. Some sisters had gone already from New York to the seat of war. Could not she go also, and do some good by her presence there? This desire so possessed her heart that she felt in a state of great agony till she found out that she could cherish a hope of having it gratified. The good mother-superior had a great love for Alice, because she saw that she was full of humility, though at the same time possessing an angelic appearance and most brilliant accomplishments. She was conscious of Alice's desire, and was ready to gratify it, because she knew that the young sister was animated in her new views by the

sublimest of motives. So, sooner than oppose the wish of Alice, which she thought conformed, regarding this matter, with the will of Jesus, she consented readily to her departure for the South with some other sisters. The day was appointed, and they set out, like the good ones of old, to do good for our Lord and their neighbor. The thought of facing battle-fields, hospitals, a strange people, and various dangers did not frighten them. They went full of the spirit of their holy mission and of the graces of the sacraments. They went silently on, shedding the light of their piety and purity around them. They endured for months the bitterest inconveniences. They went through the scenes where the battle had just raged, cheering the dying, healing their wounds, quenching their thirst, and speaking to them of heaven and Jesus. They sought to console the afflicted by their tender persuasions.

They were frequently seen by the side of the dying, in the prisons and in the hospitals, doing all that human charity could to relieve them. Alice seemed specially gifted by heaven for this work of love and devotion. The more she had to do, the happier she felt. Others were inflamed with a kindred spirit by her wonderful zeal. She would go to the scene of conflict when the smoke of the battle had scarcely yet left the field, and bring the living to bury

the dead, and dress the wounds of the suffering soldier. Her soft, sweet smile, her beautiful face, so expressive of sanctity, and her whole demeanor, would at once fill with thanks and love the heart of a soldier. She would give him wine to strengthen him, and bathe his burning head in water brought from a neighboring stream. The light of olden visions would then break on the soul of the gasping soldier. When the dying man was a Catholic, and had seen the priest whom Alice had brought to his side, he would expire beautifully, wishing to go to that other land where there were such fair and loving angels as the good sister. Day and night Alice had scarcely enjoyed any slumber.

Nothing gave her pain going on her charitable rounds but the brutality of some who hacked the dying to pieces through some diabolical spirit, and robbed them of their money and clothes. The oaths and blasphemies of some, even amongst the dying, touched her heart like poisoned arrows.

One day, after a hot engagement, in which the rebels endured a heavy loss, Alice was going on her usual work around the battlefield. She came near a wood where there was a pleasant green dell, through which a bright stream wandered. Her attention was drawn to this spot by low sobs of agony which she

heard coming towards her. On entering, she saw two handsome young soldiers, frightfully wounded, with tattered uniforms and bleeding sides and arms, trying to reach the margin of the stream by creeping. Each time they sought to go near it a fresh cry of anguish escaped them. "Oh! get me the water," said one of them. "I must be a Christian." No sooner did Alice hear this than she bounded joyfully towards the stream, causing both of them to utter a cry of delight the moment they beheld her. When the one who had called for it saw it in her hands, he made an effort to raise himself up, and to lift his shattered arms towards heaven, whilst the failing light of his eye kindled afresh with expressions of thanks, of joy and devotion. "Oh!" he exclaimed, whilst the difficulty with which he spoke proclaimed his hopeless condition, "pour the water upon me in God's name; for I must be a Christian." Alice did so, using the form and intention required, and with one convulsive scream of joy the youth expired.

She learned from the other, who felt more refreshed when Alice had dressed his wounds, that his dead comrade had been taken by a Jewish family when a foundling, and thus reared up from childhood both ignorant and regardless of the Christian religion, till he had given him some instructions about it a few

days before. He felt indifferent about baptism then, but since that time had doubtless thought something proper concerning it, as before death he had made such wonderful efforts to receive it.

When Alice had the wounded soldier removed to a neighboring tent, he poured benedictions upon her and called her an angel. She bade him thank God, not her, and left him in good hands, whilst she went to explore more at large the scene of the recent engagement. She passed along through heaps of dead till she arrived at the other side of the wood in which she had seen the two dying soldiers. Here a new and affecting scene awaited her. She beheld a man of about thirty-five years old, with a leg and an arm completely shot away, seated on the ground, and patting with his right hand the head of a youth who lay up against a little mound, whilst tears of sorrow and anguish streamed down his countenance. Though the blood from the parts where the arm and leg were shot away coursed in torrents to the ground, yet he did not consider this, but sighed and spoke and wept with bitter woe over his dead companion. He patted the soft, glossy black hair, disfigured with blood; he kissed again and again the pale and handsome cheek; he opened repeatedly those eyes that were shut

for ever to the light of day, hoping to see the least spark of life quivering there; but no, they were glazed and as dead to feeling now as diamonds beneath the rills.

Alice watched all this from a little distance. She was not seen by the mourner. She was going to advance, but she heard him say: "No, you will never wake more, dear brother. You will never see your own loved Dan again. His flute has no longer any sweetness for you. The name of home and mother will not be uttered by you in this life again. Poor mother! poor Cloyne! poor Dan that you loved!—these were the words you used when dying, after begging the Lord to have mercy upon you. O Willie! Willie! how my heart grieves for you, my darling, darling brother." He hung with his yet remaining arm on the neck of his dead brother; he kissed him again and again, and called on God to bear himself away to that beautiful place where Willie had gone after dying. His voice was getting weaker and his face much whiter. Alice ran towards him with bandages for his wounds and water to quench his raging thirst. His eye gleamed with a spark of joy when he saw her; hope filled his soul at the sight, since he took her for an angel whom God had sent to answer his prayer.

“You spoke of Cloyne!” said she. “I am from near there.”

The poor good man, after hearing this, extended his hand to hers, gave a scream of joy, kissed his dead brother again, and died.

The soul of Alice melted at this touching scene. Her eyes were filled with tears. She knelt on the ground, and prayed to Jesus, the Blessed Virgin, and her guardian angel that they would lift the souls of these two brothers from the vale of sadness and gloom to the mountain of joy and of brightness. She had their bodies removed and decently buried.

Such was the way that Alice's time was spent on the battle-fields; and it was marked by the same signs and deeds of love in the midst of the hospitals. There she was a sister indeed, a mother, a nurse, an angel. As she moved along by the separate wards, nothing but tears, and blood, and sighs, and frequent curses and oaths confronted her. But as she passed, even the worst amongst the bad felt changed. They saw from her looks that she was the agent of Christ, the giver of joy and health and peace. She filled the despairing with hope, the sad with gladness, the weak with strength, and the angry with patience. She bade them thank God, even in the height of their sufferings, because these, if well borne, would bring crowns, and were cherished

as gems by our Saviour. They loved to see her, to hear her voice, to speak of her, to grasp her by the hand. She was the guiding star that lit up the lives of the young and old. It was only on one occasion, up to the time we write, that she got an insult. In the end of a certain ward of the hospital was an angry, dark, and wasting person reclining on his couch. He was a heretic from childhood, and nothing passed his lips but blasphemies. He was suffering terrible pain from a wound received in the chest, owing to the effects of which few chances remained of his recovery. Taught from his cradle to hate priests and nuns, he had an inveterate horror and contempt for the sister. His life was fast sinking, and, though her friends sought to dissuade Alice from approaching him, still her charity soared above their reasons, and she came near his bedside, even in the height of his threats and gestures of rage, and his blasphemies. She spoke to him feelingly and kindly, and told him that she came to do him some service. He called her a devil, and bade her begone. Nothing daunted, she drew nearer to him with the names of Jesus and Mary on her lips. She spoke to him of eternity and the certainty of his speedy arrival there out of this world. He closed his ears against her words, and spat in her face. Now he thought that he had tri-

umphed, and got rid of one whom he hated. But no; she only smiled and blessed and thanked him, and went upon her knees to pray to Jesus and her guardian angel for his recovery. The demon in the man was vanquished after this display of humility, religion, and love on the part of Alice. He grew at once calm and penitent, and bade her stand up, that he might kiss her hand. As he did so, she saw a tear glisten in his dying eye. She did her very best to make use of the little time that was now left to her patient in this life. She heard him say, "Oh! how beautiful must that faith be which makes such Christians. Lady, were it not for your kindness and patience, I would indeed have died damned; but now there is a chance for me. Go, get me the priest, as I wish to become a really true Christian." The priest was brought, he was baptized, his peace made with God, and, instead of feelings of blasphemy, anger, and hatred, a spirit of benediction, tranquillity, and love now stole over his heart. Alice saw him die with the light and the peace of the Lord around his pillow, and her heart was filled with a spirit of thanksgiving and joy, because God made her instrumental in the sanctification and salvation of that once hardened old sinner. It would fill a volume to describe the various deeds of love which Alice did in the several hospitals. She

continued healing, cheering, and saving the wretched till the end of the war. She thanked God that her brother was well when she had last heard from him. Her soul was full of joy and rest in the exercise of her work for Jesus. She felt that the mission of man was to try to relieve, uplift, and cheer the bodies and hearts of his brethren for the sake of his Saviour. This is the work that would bring him ere long to the land of his dreams, and Alice saw with the eyes of faith the truth of this displayed in the changing of all her toils, sorrows, and tears for man into beautiful crowns and roses.

She enjoyed those delightful revealings in her prayers, which were every day raised to the throne of Jesus. How many families in this land owe a deep debt of gratitude to those sweet, pure sisters! How many a dying man saved through their blessed agency; how many souls sent to glory by their lessons of penance, of love, and of peace! Let those who have been taught from infancy to despise them reflect upon their grand self-sacrifices, their pure devotion to virtue, their country, and God, and they will learn to think better in future of the Sisters of Charity.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

FATHER MARLOW.



IN a certain religious house in New York City there were feelings of great joy amongst the ministers of God who possessed it on the Friday previous to Trinity Sunday, in the summer of 186—, because their beloved friend, George Marlow, was to be received into the priesthood on the following day. He himself was inspired with a divine gladness, because he was to see the wishes of his soul very soon fulfilled. He was now in retreat, poring over in his mind his life in the past, and begging of Jesus to shed his bright light around whatever was dark in it. He was dwelling upon the grandeur of the office which he was about to assume, and upon its immense responsibilities. He felt assured about his vocation, and, on account of many months of previous thought and preparation with respect to this subject, he felt no scruple in advancing to receive Melchisedec. Prayer and the sacraments, the kind words of his friends, the thought of the priesthood and the good he could do in it, filled his heart with courage and joy. He stood before the same altar to be ordained priest, on the Saturday before Trinity, as he had previously when receiving tonsure ; but the friends were not near who

were looking on at that time. They were on the battle-fields where the blood of the sons of the North and South so freely flowed; but George knew that he had their prayers, and he in turn remembered them before the altar. When the ceremony was ended, he stood, a noble, handsome priest, full of the spirit of love and of sanctity. Now he felt quite a new man, and could scarcely believe that he was possessed of such wonderful faculties. He gave his blessing to the young and old, and the humble, meek, and loving way with which it was given made it doubly welcome to the hearts of all. He was indeed a good priest. He was now thin and tall and fair, with curly hair and a large, well-formed brow. He was full of intelligence, as his professors in theology could tell. His exquisite, regular life spoke well for his sanctity, and his heart was a very heaven of meekness, love, and kindness. All were fond of him, and he always thought himself the least worthy to be loved. Now he was going to enter into the active duties of the ministry.

His heart swelled with zeal and joy at the thought of the grand field that was open before him. He had souls to bless and save and sanctify, the sad to cheer, the poor to enrich, the blind to enlighten, the intemperate to sober, and, in a word, the whole moral, physical, and intellectual world of man to help to reform.

And his most zealous exertions were needed, as he saw, to do all this, since many parts of the parish in which he lived were filled with dens of infamy. He resolved to make our Lord the model of his life. He tried to imitate him in his zeal, love, meekness, purity, humility, and spirit of forgiveness. His life of self-denial and goodness was ever before him, reminding him of his duty to heaven and conscience whenever temptations came to disturb it. The influence of the young priest's actions was not unfelt by his fellow-clergymen and the people with whom he came in contact. They all loved him, and tried to improve their lives by imitating his example. He did not mind all this, because his eyes were shut to the view of vanity. He did not spare himself in the labors of his ministry; his hours were passed respectively in offering up Mass, reading his divine office, studying his sermons, visiting the schools and the sick, and hearing confessions. The time that he devoted to honest recreation was very trifling. Many a dying soldier in the hospital and in his own poor home died uttering blessings in the light of the smile of Father Marlow. And now, on the evening of a certain day in July, 186—, a certain case of peculiar interest occurred to him; but the description of this will form the subject of the following chapter.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A LOVING BUT SORROWFUL MEETING.



FATHER MARLOW had gone to the lower end of the city early one evening on business. As he was returning home through the streets, he was suddenly seized by a person on the sidewalk before a high, narrow, respectable residence. "Oh! come, come, father, I beg of you," said the young man who grasped him, and who saw from his dress that he was a priest. "Come into the house to see and prepare a dying soldier; he has just had a terrible hemorrhage." Quick as thought Father Marlow followed the speaker up the stairway to the second story of the building, where people were gathered, talking and acting excitedly. He saw on his entrance the form of a Sister of Charity bending over one who was sinking on a couch full of blood. The moment he entered the Sister of Charity turned round and beheld him. At the sight exclamations of surprise and joy escaped from both of them; they grasped each other's hands, and Alice Harmon brought the priest with streaming eyes to the bedside of the dying soldier. When he saw Father Marlow, he tried to rush into his arms, uttering a cry of gladness. "O Father Marlow!" said Alice, "do you not

know my brother Patrick? God has sent you here to save him." The priest did not recognize young Harmon at first, because he was greatly changed by letting a beard and mustache grow on his features. But when he heard Alice say this, he grasped the hand of the dying man, and kissed his burning cheek. "O Alice! what a loving but sorrowful meeting is this," exclaimed Father Marlow. "Has the doctor seen Patrick?"

"Yes," said the good sister; "but he thinks my brother's condition is hopeless." And indeed it was so, because he now began to look weaker and paler. His breath came thicker and faster, and his fingers clutched the bed-clothes again and again with a feverish, nervous agitation. The priest requested all to leave the room, and, seeing that very little time was left, began at once to prepare Patrick Harmon for eternity. He called upon his name, told him who he was, and reminded him of Jesus; but he could not get an answer. He was silent as the tomb. At last he raised his eyes, turned round, and said: "God have mercy on me!" Then Father Marlow was overjoyed at the hope of hearing his confession. He did so briefly, and, after inviting the others into the room, proceeded to anoint him. Scarcely had the sacrament been administered to the dying man, so full of love, and

thanks, and penitence, and joy, than he raised himself upon his couch, lifted his eyes towards God, grasped the crucifix with quivering hand, then fell back on his pillow without a groan, and his soul went to his home far away, where Christ and his angels and saints received it in glory.

Then Father Marlow and Alice joined in their prayers and tears for the dead soldier. He looked handsome and noble in death, as he did when living. His life was always pure, and devoted to the service of God and of freedom; so he went in his young days to the place where he was to receive the reward of his goodness. Death supplies us all with a touching lesson, and those who looked upon it that evening were not slow to be affected. The litanies of the holy church were said for the departed, the candles got, and the blessed habit put on the dead body of Patrick Harmon. Alice thanked God, as she usually did in the middle of every affliction. She felt resigned to his holy will, and grateful that he did not take her brother to himself without receiving the last sacraments. As they looked upon his cold, pale face, they thought of the old times spent in the cottage by the sea; they remembered his light heart, his goodness, and his love; and as these thoughts came rushing to their minds, their hearts became keenly affected. As it was now

getting late in the evening, Father Marlow was obliged to leave for home, but promised to call the next morning. It was arranged that the funeral services would take place in the church of the young priest's order on the third day following; so he set out, leaving Alice to her tranquil grief and resignation. When he left, a full sense of her loneliness now came upon her. She would never hear again the warm beatings of that heart she loved; she would never gaze upon his smile or listen to his playful, cheerful words. God's will be done, though. He was her great friend far away from the old land, and would never forsake her. Her holy faith filled her with hope and consolation, so she spent the night in watching and prayer till morning came.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A BROTHER'S GRAVE.



FATHER MARLOW, true to his promise, came next morning to see Alice Harmon and her dead brother, whom he so much loved. He had spoken to the superior of his order about the death of his friend, and made all arrangements for the funeral services at his church on the following

day. The greater part of his stay in the room of death was spent in reviewing with Alice the scenes of earlier days, in which Patrick so largely and happily shared, in discoursing about God's goodness and love, and the glories that await the soul of him who dies in the heart of Jesus. The funeral procession came to the church on the following morning. The body of him who witnessed such beautiful rites in it but a few years before was now the object of more touching ceremonies. Father Marlow sang the solemn High Mass, aided by deacon and sub-deacon. His voice expressed with feeling the beautiful prayers that he chanted, and there were a solemnity and grandeur about the character of the ceremony that touched all hearts. The striking representations of death, made evident in the furniture of the altar and the sanctuary, the deep tones of the choir and organ, and the pale lights quivering amidst the dark hangings, gave to all around an appearance of mournful beauty. When the communion had ended, Father Marlow ascended the pulpit, and pronounced a truthful and beautiful eulogy over the friend whom he so well knew and loved. His allusions to the home near the sea and the innocent life there led were touching and elegant; but when he spoke of Patrick's departure for Italy with the Irish brigade to serve our Holy Father, he warmed, as he ad-

vanced, so that his eloquence became sublime. He dwelt at length on his devotion to his adopted country and the beauty of his death. His exhortation to imitate the worthy dead, to remember them in prayer, and to claim their intercession, formed the last, though not least lovely, of his observations. When the Office was said over Patrick's remains, the funeral proceeded through the streets to the ferry that was to carry them over to Calvary Cemetery in Brooklyn. The mourners did not heed the noise in the streets and on the river, nor did they notice the steamboats in such great numbers, as their minds and hearts and senses were otherwise engaged. The carriage which contained them stopped at last, and they found themselves in Calvary Cemetery, with its green graves, monuments, walks, and willow-trees. Then they came out, and soon saw the coffin carried to its grave. The earth was thrown upon it, prayers were said, and Alice and Father Marlow let fall many a silent tear. She lingered there over the red clay which hid from her gaze the casket which contained her brother's remains, and she thought, as she knelt, that grass and roses grew over his grave. She saw a throne on high, on which her beloved sat, adorned with a crown of immortal gold. Angels shone in the light of his smiles. Close by him flowed the River of Life, from which the saints

drank eternal joy. He was looking down on her from above, and beckoning her to come and share with him his bliss and peace. He showed her his heart all on fire with the love of Jesus, and said that his soul was bathing for ever in the light of God's thrones. Her guardian angel seemed to lead her to his side to be a partaker of his endless joy, when a tap on her shoulder from the hand of a friend put an end to her dream. She arose with a start, and with burning countenance told the priest the vision which she had seen. He smiled, thanked God, and, after another prayer, they quitted the cemetery. They did not leave that solemn, sacred spot, as many do, without carrying with them profitable, eternal thoughts. They were going from a cemetery, but they remembered that each movement homeward was bringing them nearer to their graves. They saw other funerals approaching, and they thought how little the busy crowds reflect upon the mighty number daily going to their eternal tombs. The noonday sun flung his glorious beams over the waters and the cities beyond, causing eyes to discover, by his magical light, beauties unseen before. What a multitude of thoughts, feelings, words, and deeds were filling the heart of those cities! How many working in many a way for wealth! How many rushing in many a way to doom! What rage and love, hatred and peace, dwelt

there! How many a broken heart, how many a bosom swelling with joy, existed there, forgetting, perhaps, that but in one instant, and they would be buried for ever in an eternal sea! Such ideas as these possessed the minds and were expressed by the lips of Alice and Father Marlow. As they returned home, Alice spoke of the scenes she saw during the war, and the bravery and goodness of Patrick were uppermost in their minds.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A MARTYR TO CHARITY.



LICE, with some more sisters, was attached to a church in the lower part of the city. There she was greatly loved, and her zeal for souls and for doing good had a wide field. Day and night she dreamed of nothing now, after her brother's death, but of seeing the dying go as he had gone, full of the grace of Jesus, to the sweet, eternal plains. Her choice companions were the poor, and the children shared her greatest attention and her warmest love. She went through the crowded streets, passed by gamblers, drunkards, blasphemers, and thieves, on her way to the homes of the poor, the

wretched, and sad. She did not heed the burning heat of the sun pouring down on her head, weakening her delicate frame already worn out with fatigue. She was impelled by heavenly love, and she cared for no earthly inconvenience. Oh! how she pitied the thoughtless crowds from her heart, as she thought how they rushed so madly to the pits of doom. No ruffianly eye gazed with looks of lust upon her as she passed, because, when they saw her heavenly face, their foulest fancies would be made to revel in the most ethereal dreams. The sight of the poor little shoeblacks, news-venders, and bill-posters touched her heart keenly, and made her wish that she had the power to make them rich and holy in the way of Jesus. She went through the tenements where the foul, hot air existed, and the dirt gathered, and the starved and wretched dragged along their years in the midst of poisonous gin, whiskey, and crime. When drunken, bad women beheld her approach, they fell on their knees with respect and fear, and kissed the hem of her garment. She turned her eye of love and sanctity on them, and its pure, sweet beams spoke volumes of blessed thought and persuasion to their darkened souls. She had the ragged, starving children taken from the streets, and clad and fed. She spoke to them of God, whose name they had

scarcely ever heard before. She kissed them, cleaned them, shook their hands, and, owing to her good and loving ways, made the hearts of their wretched, vicious parents beat with thrills of thanksgiving and joy. She parted combatants, persuaded the ungodly to go to church, reformed the drunkard, consoled the sick, and made the dirty feel a horror for filth. She was present in the garrets and the cellars, doing good. Though delicate and young and fair, still she bore all well, and scarcely ever got an insult, because her sweet appearance seemed to bring heaven along with it, no matter what dens she explored. One day a frightful scene occurred to her. She ascended the stairs of a tenement in Cherry Street. As she went to the top, angry voices came from a room on the highest floor. They were sounds of terrible rage and defiance, muttered alternately as she approached the door. Suddenly a frightful scream arose and filled the whole house. She threw open the door, and beheld a sight that chilled the blood in her veins. A man and woman lay on the floor, weltering in their blood. The man was yet kicking in his dying agony, but the woman was dead. The streams of blood and the razor on the floor spoke of the terrible deed. In a drunken brawl he had cut his wife's throat, and then put an end to his own existence by doing the

same. A child lay dead near the fireless grate, and a hungry, mad dog was eating it. Alice felt a terrible chill creeping through her body at this bloody scene. She called for the neighbors, and they came with looks and words of horror, sorrow, and pain. Her steps were next directed to a tenement in another street. It stood out cold and old and wretched, speaking truly, by its ill-looking exterior, of the awful condition of those within. Fumes of gin, garbage, and heaps of other dirt filled the sickening burning air which the sun's heat, crowded rooms, and wretched ventilation caused.

Though poverty confronted Alice on every side, still she did not always gaze on scenes of horror and crime. In one room she saw a family full of sweetness, sobriety, and peace. The little that God gave them was received with thanks, and they showed their gratitude and remembrance of Christ's love by meeting often during the day in deep and earnest prayer. The mother gathered her little ones around her, and spoke to them of the old country and the name of Jesus. The father smoked his black clay pipe, and then played his beloved old flute. The older ones danced to the tune of his airs, and, as the sister came in, they respectfully ceased their fun, and welcomed her with expressions and looks of joy. But when she quitted these, and went down to the

cellar, a touching, harrowing scene presented itself to her view. The ceiling was low, the floor broken in many parts, and full of filth, and the light streamed in in little rays through the closed but broken window-shutters. Alice saw a man lying drunk, with a deep cut in his head, and a rum-bottle in his hand, near the fireless old stove. She heard the piteous cries of a woman who sat on a wretched bed in a distant corner of the gloomy room, and she saw her pressing to her breast the body of a dead child. Her hair fell loose from beneath her cap; her clothes were tattered, and her face, as she turned it towards Alice on her entrance, streaming with tears, looked sad and wild. Traces of beauty remained upon it, but they were rendered dark and awful by the depth of her terror, misery, and despair. She arose from her posture, and came forward to Alice with her dead child. "See," said she, "the darling of my heart has died from the hunger. It could not get from my breast the milk for its life. Not for two days past has a bit or a sup entered my mouth." Alice's eyes were filling with tears. She gazed on the drunkard, who was almost insensible, and lying on the floor. "Ah!" said the woman, "he was once good, but misfortune has driven him wild."

"Stay," said Alice. "I shall be back

soon." She went for a doctor, for provisions, and a priest. They came, and she had the joy to see health coming back again to the living, sickly tenants of that wretched abode. She came to see them again and again, and made the drunkard take the pledge, go to his duty, got him employed, and he and his wife had the satisfaction and delight to see their home exchanged for a better, and peace and plenty and joy existing amongst them as long as they lived, on account of the goodness and love of the Sister of Charity. Oh! what beautiful crowns such heroines as Alice must have in the other life for their devotion in this towards God and the poor. What deep, indelible marks they must leave behind them in the hearts and homes of those who are indebted to their goodness and their love for their reformation and their attainment to the top of the mountain of joy! Oh! do you who are rolling in wealth, and expending your money in foolish excesses, turn your eyes, like the Sisters of Charity, to the homes of the poor. Remember that a cup of cold water, given in the name of the Author of life, will have its eternal reward. Give some of that which you would give to your horses and dogs to the starving poor in the garrets and cellars of the horrible tenements which abound in the town. Do this and you will put a check to

the advance of crime. The young thieves and murderers will be reformed. Instead of being a blot, a curse, and a shame to society, they will become a light, a blessing, and an honor to the land of their birth. The Tombs and Sing Sing will then need less keepers to guard them. The would-be thieves and murderers will grow honest, sober, and intelligent, and will cultivate a love for their families and homes. God will bring an increase of prosperity, peace, and joy upon the country, and the jaws of death and hell will not receive so many daily into their cursed embrace.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A DEATH-BED SCENE.

BUT Alice Harmon could not live much longer in the exercise of duties so severe upon her delicate frame. The labor of teaching, visiting, and mortifying herself in many ways was soon to end with a fever which cost her her life. In a room on the second floor of the sisters' house, in the parish of St. — Church, soft feet trod and low voices were heard around the bed of dying Alice. The poor came to the house continually to ask about her state, they loved her so well.

Her reputation for sanctity and virtue brought many priests and people around to see her ere she died. Father Marlow was there, and he watched with eager suspense every changing aspect in the person of her who was the only friend now left to him in this country, whom he had known in earlier years. Alice was not sorry for death to come. She welcomed it amidst her sighs and tears, because she knew that it would bring her to the heart of Jesus. She had the good sisters to read for her before she died. She was fond of thinking in silence of the beauty and affection of her God, and of dreaming over scenes to be soon passed in heaven amongst the friends whom she loved. The fever seized her whole body; it sent its maddening fire through her veins, and made her feel a burning thirst. She clutched the cold part of the clothes again and again to give ease to her feverish hands, and she exulted at the thought of the delight which a bath in the river or sea would afford her. Nature tempted her to have recourse to those little means for relief; but when she remembered herself, she banished such thoughts, and thanked the Lord God for afflicting her with the fever. As her spirit was hurrying fast in the evening to the glory of Christ, those in the room suddenly beheld a bright, golden light surrounding them, coming, as it did, from the street through the

window. They gazed out, and saw a frightful fire ascending from a house a block beyond. The red flames and the glistening sparks mounted over the tops of the surrounding buildings into the dark clouds, kissing the skies. There were shrieks of agony in the wind, and hundreds were rushing along the street to the scene of the fire. Some stood on the tops of the houses, and the red flames, falling on their forms, gave them the aspect of demons. The engines came along, whistling and steaming, to the scene of the fire. The water played in torrents on the rising flames, but this element seemed to give more spirit to the raging fire. Smoke and flame blended in the air, and threw partial light and shade over the scenes around. The people of the room held their breath, as they gazed, and the frightful aspect of the fire brought to their minds the terrors of hell. But Alice did not notice this swelling light, for her soul was steeped at this time in another scene. Her spirit passed to God amidst thanksgiving and prayer, and those eyes, that so often shone on the good and bad, were now closed for ever to the glory of day. The habit was put on her, a white rose that she loved was placed in her hand, and the lights around her bedside threw a pale splendor over the saintly, beautiful face now wrapt in death. Now her soul mingled with the blest above, and it gazed with tender

consideration upon the eyes of those around her body, who shed such copious tears. Now she was interceding before the throne of Jesus for the poor whom she had loved. She was enjoying the full reward that she deserved for her pious, good years. The light of her spirit seemed to swell in on the hearts in the room ; they blessed her again and again, and expressed themselves sure that her soul was happy. Her body, now pale and lovely, beautiful temple of the spirit that had fled, was borne, after solemn ceremony, to the cemetery of Calvary, to be deposited near her brother's grave. The clay was thrown on the coffin, prayers were said, and the mourners returned to their homes, full of the thoughts and feelings that the memory of Alice's life and death inspired.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

CONCLUSION.



WITH the death of Alice the existence of the Harmon family ended in this life, and, as they are extinguished, so is our tale. In their history nothing very grand or wonderful is seen. They were a virtuous family, blessed by God, and were eager to serve him in the best way they could

in their various occupations in life's scene. Their story has a counterpart in many families whose virtues are hidden from many an observer in this strange life. Like the beggar spoken of by St. Francis of Sales, they welcomed the rain and sunshine, joy and sadness, poverty and comfort, as all coming from the hand of God, and they blessed and praised his holy will at all times. As they lived, so did they die, happy and sweet, nourished, as they went, by the blood of God. We, too, can catch the same rich graces and joys as they did by doing good, by advancing ourselves and our neighbors in the love of God, by leading pure, sweet, holy lives, and by fixing our hearts, not on those treasures that will mould and rot, but on the immortal crowns, kingdoms, and gems beyond the skies. Let us serve our church and country as well as we can; let us give light and clothing and food to the poor; let us turn the dens of darkness into bright palaces, and never advance a step through this world without gazing around us, and thinking and feeling that the objects God gave us were intended for no base gratification, but as a means for our sanctification, salvation, and joy. Then our lives will flow on happily. Death will bring no terrors to us when it comes, and the hours of pain and sorrow will be turned, in another land, into an eternity of rest and joy.


Father Marlow left America, and went to England, where he is now enjoying good health and favor amongst some fathers of the same order, and active as ever in the cause of justice, love, and truth. He visited again the old home of Dan Harmon, sat once more in the old curiosity-shop, where he gazed with satisfaction and delight on the open, smiling brow of Alice's uncle, who was still as fresh and healthy as of old. His children grew up, and were about to enter on their various states of life. He did not find Father Virgilius exercising his ministry any more in Shanagarry. He had gone to Cloyne, and another amiable and active clergyman had succeeded him. Father Virgilius found many warm friends and labored actively in St. Coleman's town. Father Marlow saw with delight the beautiful changes that were made in the parish church. He was received by his clerical friend into a warmer dwelling and treated to choicer things than Shanagarry could afford. He gazed again with joy upon the sweet, broad smiles of Father Virgilius, heard his deep, rich voice, and viewed with pleasure the unchanged condition of his favorite stick—St. Coleman. They went together again on the beautiful southern beach, picked shells as of old, dug holes in the sand, bathed in the waves, and drank the salt water. They viewed the wild ducks swimming on the

face of the deep; they saw the big sea-pigs jumping and bathing. They beheld the boats gliding softly and swiftly over the vast, sunny sea, and exulted with some others in fishing and sailing. The music of the waves against the cliffs fell as sweetly on their ears as of old; the beautiful scenery around was more fondly cherished as the years rolled on; and the simple, loving characters of the peasantry spoke sweetly to all of the treasures which God poured on that portion of Ireland.

THE MOTHER AND HER DYING BOY.

THE MOTHER AND HER DYING BOY.

CHAPTER I.

S the old story has it, it was a lovely evening in the month of June, 186—. The sun was just retiring to his golden home in the west, and casting his full, bright beams over the sweet river that watered the charming little town of C——, in the South of Ireland. The tops of the woods around it shone in the mellow light. This picturesque village had but one large, wide street. The houses on either side were of moderate size, and looked exceedingly pretty. The pastoral scenery of the neighborhood was delightfully varied. Cascades, deep woods, ivy-mantled castles, lovely rivers, verdant hills, fragrant meadows, and orchards grouped together formed the charming scene. The ordinary stillness of the town was broken by the presence of the gaily-dressed country people, who came from their fields on the Sabbath to converse with their friends in the village, and learn some news. The rich, deep

tones of the church-bell floated over the tops of the houses and trees, filling the air with its sweet power. On a seat in a garden which was attached to a pretty house that was in the centre of the village a beautiful youth was reclining. He looked as if twelve summers had flown over his radiant features. As his little form rested on a rustic chair, and his head fell backwards on an elevated support behind him, he appeared a model of angelic delicacy, love, and grace. His little arms hung moderately by his side. His head was uncovered. Down his white, soft, swelling neck a luxuriant little bush of auburn ringlets waved most gracefully. His little brow was finely shaped, and seemed to indicate a rare intelligence. His complexion was ruddy and clear. His whole features conveyed an expression of such supernatural sweetness that one would feel disposed to mistake him for some spirit of light transfigured into a beautiful mortal. At one time a smile passed over his lovely lips like a sunbeam alighting on an opening rosebud. His little breast throbbed with additional ardor. To see him at that time, one would have thought that his soul was steeped in a heavenly trance. A charming little dog lay sleeping by his chair. The air all around was bright with the sun, and flashed here and there with the gleaming of insects, whilst the numerous hot-

beds of flowers made it sweet with their odors. The tall elm-trees that lined the rear wall of the garden waved their fresh green foliage in the golden light, whilst the sweet notes of robins, sparrows, and thrushes gushed out from their thick-curtained branches. The butterfly fluttered her bright little wings in the sunset, whilst over the fair scene the blue sky above looked down in its wonderful beauty.

A dark form came at this time to the gate of the garden. It was a female. She glanced again and again around, as if in search of some object. At last it caught her view, and she went towards it with quick and eager step. On a nearer approach, her figure presented an interesting and dignified aspect. She seemed to be fifty years old. She was of the middle height, thin, and well proportioned. Her face looked pale and prepossessing. It wore an expression of mournful tenderness. In that countenance the student of the human heart could see a soul that burned with the strongest and the purest affections. Her hair was dark, and her blue eyes looked soft and luminous. She was dressed entirely in black. The noise of her footsteps awoke the little dog, who bounded playfully towards his tender mistress. The beautiful child looked as calm and as bright as before. The divine placidity of his face

arrested the lady's attention. She gazed upon him whilst his pure, infant soul spoke in dreams with the angels. Admiration and holy joy beamed on her own countenance, whilst her eyes and soul were riveted on the wonderful charms of her little son. As she bent over his fair brow, one could see that kindred looks beamed on their faces. She called him gently by his name.

"Willie, Willie Willow."

He did not hear her. The spirit of holy love feasted his soul too deeply to wake at that single sound. The mother listened with thrills of joy to his soft, slow breathings. She parted his glossy, auburn locks, then glanced with a smile, quivered with a sigh of love, and imprinted a kiss on his soft little cheek, which the bright sun was mellowing.

"Willie Willow," she cried once more, "come, come to the rosary."

The fair little cherub awoke from his trance at that sound, opened his pretty blue eyes, and jumped from his chair to the ground, when the arms of his mother received him.

"O darling mother!" he said, "come, come to the rosary."

The delighted parent pressed that lovely boy to her heart, and bore him along to the house, whilst her kisses and tears bedewed his fair countenance. Her affection for that child

had ripened into a passion which nothing could control. He was the idol of her dreams. She would never quit his side or let him leave her, unless some extraordinary circumstance interfered. She would sit for hours beside him, gazing admiringly and adoringly in his eyes, whilst her soul feasted on their magic beauty. Her passion was the real romance of love, and its object truly merited this idolatry. Her child possessed a kind of a charmed existence. Even at his tender age he showed a wonderful love for nature. He loved his mother next to God. His soul was nearly always dwelling on things eternal. He loved his generous father next to his mother, his sister, whom a slow disease was wasting, and his dark-souled brother too. He was the light of their quiet home. All loved to place him in the centre of the family circle by the lamp-light, and listen to his holy, innocent sayings. His mother would sit quite near, her arm encircling his little neck, whilst she read the depths of his angelic soul through those eyes of light and loveliness. His presence shed a nameless charm over the happy group. He would saunter with his mother, on a calm summer's afternoon, through the lovely fields and woodlands of the neighborhood. He would salute all he knew, as they passed, very kindly, and they, in return, would smilingly say, "Good-afternoon, Willie."

He thanked God for all the beauties that he saw in his rambles, pressed his mother's hands, and reclined upon her bosom. The sigh of a leaf in the wind would touch his tender heart. The chirp of a robin at hand would fill him with love. The smell of a rose, or the smile of a child, or the swell of a song on his walk would fill him with joy. His simple and innocent talk was enriched by the spirit of devotion that ran through it. The happy mother would listen and applaud whilst Willie was speaking.

At home by the fireside, in the street or the garden, he was always the same; but in church he seemed, in truth, etherealized. There he was so silent and so calm and modest that one could not discover his ecstasies and joys. His piety was not of that vehement and consuming kind that characterized so many of the saints, but it was evident in his deeply-absorbed manner and in his looks of burning love. His little hands shaded his brow to keep his mind buried in divine contemplation. The lustre of his soft blue eyes was curtained by their lids of snowy beauty. His features glowed with heaven's calm smile. His spirit viewed the Lord in his sacred grandeur, veiled in the tabernacle. He saw him now pale-looking, mournfully beautiful, with his lovely body crimsoned with his precious blood. He

saw him lashed and torn and spat upon by the cruel soldiers. Again he saw him gazing on his dark tormentors with looks of pity and love. He saw those horrors magnified in the tragic picture of the crucifixion, the aspect of torn nature, the agony of Mary, and the scoffs and hisses of the furious mob. But if Jesus mocked, insulted, and crucified grieved him deeply, the glorified aspect of his Saviour at the end of this grand triumph filled his spirit with joy. He looked on Mary's peaceful beauty to check the vehemence of his delight. He thought he heard her sweet voice speaking to him. He felt its power dissolving his very soul. He let his heart go out of his being, and rest in the bosom of Mary. His ordinary smiles glowed with redoubled beauty each time he left the church. His friends saw this, and loved him all the more.

A half-witted creature who lived in that region regarded Willie with great affection. Though the creature looked upon all around with charity and kindness, still, when sudden fits of wild humor seized him, he would grow stiff and cold, and treat his warmest friends with haughtiness. But his love for Willie remained always unchanged.

Whenever Carl of the Hills, as he was called, visited the house of the Willows, he was sure to be cordially received. He was tall and thin,

with a comical face and a sallow complexion. The singularity of his appearance occasioned the humorous much food for merriment. This family pitied the poor fellow's wants, and were always quite willing to ease them. Willie would take Carl to himself, and gaze on his features with his clear, fine eyes, whilst he spoke to him in a tone of pious gravity. Carl would listen patiently, then burst into a loud laugh, and embrace little Willie. He would tell him to continue, because he loved him dearly, and his sayings were very grand. Willie Willow would proceed to speak of God, the Blessed Virgin, and the beauty of the universe. The earnestness of soul that the little fellow poured into his language claimed the attention of the witless Carl in spite of himself. A gleam of calm delight would steal over his mournful face as he listened. Willie would glance upon him with winning tenderness, and then an exchange of cordialities would take place.

The mother would advance and smooth the ruddy cheeks of her soft, sweet boy. Carl would sound a bugle that hung from his side, and dance to the air of some lively song. When he had refreshed his voice and body by indulging in some food, he then began to entertain his hearers by imaginary tales of burnings, murders, rapines, and abductions which he said

occurred in the neighborhood. As he was a sincere advocate of Fenianism, which then prevailed in Ireland, he was about to inveigh against the constables with his accustomed fierceness when a look of prohibition from Willie checked him. He then rambled off into another strain of humor, and said that as he was now a lord, he would hold splendid banquets in the evenings, and invite the country to behold him in his robes of grandeur. A loud, sharp laugh would end these mental wanderings. He would then sit down by Willie, press his hand in his, and kiss him on the cheek. These meetings were as beautiful as they were touching. Soon half-witted Carl of the Hills was not the only being whom Willie's meekness, piety, and love drew towards him. The neighbors around would come to see him, whilst many amongst them would beg of his mother to let him go with them, even for a little while. His name was a household word amongst them all. He was the model of virtue and sanctity whom mothers held up for their children to imitate. Even amongst the wildest youths Willie Willow was loved. Those who cursed and spoke indecently became silent and sorrowful when Willie's name was heard. Though he never moved amongst such boys in play, still he often met them, and then his winning smiles and friendly greetings made them regard him

with tenderness and love. Nor did Willie's intellectual character yield to his moral worth. The powers of his memory were indeed astonishing in one so young, and such was the quickness of his intellect that he readily comprehended some of the most abstruse explanations. He had a great desire for sacred knowledge; his favorite book was the Bible; the lives of the saints also, and other spiritual works, delighted his soul. He used to make his mother glad by relating the anecdotes that he read. His eyes would beam with unearthly lustre when he spoke of the burning fervor of the anchorite and the generous sacrifices that the martyrs endured for God. He spoke of the glories of heaven with such earnestness, and pictured its sweet scenes so vividly, that his mother would almost swoon on his bosom with joy. Thus those two lived, bound by a tie of the noblest affection. The splendor of Willie's talents was recognized at school by the pastor, his tutor, and fellow-students. His diligence was adequate to his genius. He would rise from his bed, when his brother slept, at five in the morning, and pore over his studies and prayers till breakfast. He was careful to do this as secretly as possible, lest his favorite occupation would be interrupted, or the nobleness of the action would excite any praise. Such was Willie Willow—

a being whom nobody could look upon or talk to without adoring. He was mild, meek, humble, generous, and full of love.

CHAPTER II.



WHEN Mrs. Willow quitted the garden on that day with her lovely little boy, she passed by a pretty lane, and soon reached a chamber in her house, where the rest of the family were seated. They were just prepared to say the rosary. A delicate maiden lay on an easy chair in one corner of the apartment ; her face looked pale and worn, but it was mild and pleasing in its expression, without being eminently handsome ; a smile of placid joy illumined her cheek, which disease was fast wasting. As Willie entered, she turned around, glanced at him with a smile of love, and gently bade him welcome. Willie rushed towards her, and kissed her withering cheek. "Darling sister!" said he, "how do you feel this evening?"

"Something better, thank God, my lovely boy," she answered.

The father, a man of middle years, approached the pair and blessed them with a tremulous voice of fondness. He saw the bright rose and the pale lily mingling side by side. He turned

away and wept. Willie rushed towards him, and tried to soothe his grief by words of love and gladness.

A dark youth of fourteen years sat in the room, looking out of the window. He did not see the touching scene behind him; his soul was wandering far away from that touching picture of domestic love. The boy possessed a noble heart, but his character was very inconsistent. He had a great love for the abstract. There were times when this feeling would so fill his heart as to make him unconscious of everything around him. He was gifted with a romantic spirit, and this was increased by his acquaintance with the finest poetical writers. He was exceedingly fond of conjuring up wild images, and his chief joy was derived from meditating on the *horrible*. Though his brow was naturally fair, his eyes mild, and his features in general calm and pleasing, still his soul was often subject to abrupt and vehement fits of anger. He was jealous, though generous to a fault, and exceedingly sensitive on points of propriety and honor. He was capable of high and original designs. He was sanguine in his friendships, and his love often prompted him to endure many self-sacrifices. When his hatred was aroused, it might continue for a short time, but his better nature would soon subdue that fierce affection. He was a slave to literature;

he thought all other occupations tedious and dull in the light of that lovely pursuit. All the efforts of his parents could not avail in diverting him from his excessive labors. He would wander through the woods, and sit for hours reading Schiller's "Robbers," whilst his eyes flashed, his brain burned, and his blood boiled.

Walter and Willie were entirely opposed to each other in their tastes, thoughts, and fancies. One loved only to regard the wildest features of nature, and adored God in the black clouds, the wild sea, the thunder, the lightning, the mountains, and the tempests ; whilst the other not only praised and esteemed his Creator in these, but took an especial delight in praising his power and his love as revealed in the bright sun, the calm lakes, the meadows, the blue skies, and other objects of beauty and peace that came under his senses. Willie was as mild as Walter was violent ; he was as disinterested as the other was selfish ; he was as humble as Walter was proud ; and as obedient as his brother was headstrong. He was as forgiving as Walter was revengeful, and never looked on the cruel or kind but with his usual smiles of love. Walter, when carried away by his temper, would sometimes strike his brother sharply. Willie would look upon him mournfully and imploringly, whilst his tears flowed fast. This was a sight that the darkest heart

could not see without being moved. Walter would then cry and smile, ask Willie's forgiveness and press him to his bosom.

Such was the character of that strange, wild boy. The broken sobs of his father now awoke him from his reverie. He went towards him, and tried with Willie to soften his distress. When his grief passed away, the family then knelt before the Lord and prayed. It was beautiful to see that peaceful group engaged in simple adoration, their hearts inflamed with earnest faith and love. How many fond, sweet thoughts would strike the Catholic heart at such a time! And this was homage to Jesus and Mary, whose beauty and goodness the human soul can scarcely conceive. She seemed to shed her happy smiles upon the kneeling family, they looked so joyful and they prayed so fervently. Oh! it is a beautiful thing to see religion thus purifying and ennobling human hearts, to see it infusing love and joy into the souls of men. It cheers the hearts of the just with hopes of grand rewards. It unveils to men the image of virtue adorned with the rarest and purest charms. It snatches from the statue of vice its gaudy robe, and exhibits it to the soul of man in its blackest horrors. Religion itself bends over the radiant form of virtue like a deity enthroned amidst amazing splendors. Perfumed showers

of divine freshness fall from around her seat, and rest on the brow of the goddess of Virtue, enhancing her light and her beauty. Religion is a smile from God. Virtue is a beam that springs from that bright smile. When their prayer was over, the family arose with more enlightened minds and happier hearts.

Maria felt stronger and her face looked more joyous than before. Willie felt etherealized, and made all happier still by his lovely sayings and looks. That evening passed delightfully, and morning came, and many others followed in its track. Months rolled away and beheld Maria Willow sinking. She suffered from a tedious malady. It was bronchitis, which resulted from a heavy and neglected cold. Nothing but a pitiful wreck of what had been once a pleasing form now remained. This malady weakened her soft, sweet voice, paled her rosy cheeks, stole a glory from her eyes, and thinned her tender frame. Oh! it is a sad and pitiful thing to see a being of so much moral purity, mental strength, angelic temper, and pious belief fading like a summer flower in the bloom and vigor of her years.

The fears of the Willows were now increasing. Doubt appeared on every face. Even Walter, in all his darkness of soul, could not look upon the withering features of his generous sister without feeling his head and his heart

growing sick with pain. But how did little Willie, who had a soul so susceptible of love, regard the aspect of his dying sister? He knew that she whom he loved would soon be torn from his little arms, and this thought filled his tender heart with anguish. But he looked upon it as the will of God, and was resigned to it. He knew his sister was pure and holy, and that she would go to heaven when she died, so he felt easy. He often sat by Maria now, and spoke to her of paradise. Her pale face brightened, as she listened to the inspired language of the little saint. As he gazed on Maria, his soul overflowed with love and devotion. His eyes swelled with tears and his hands were uplifted, as the fire of Maria's eyes went into his heart. His mother came and added to the pathos of the picture by the sighs that escaped from her bursting heart. But a word and a look from Willie were enough to make her remember that she should feel resigned to the will of the Almighty.

CHAPTER III.



WHILST the Willows were plunged in this sad situation, their country was on the eve of some great political change. The spirit of revolution was abroad, and the agents of Fenianism were busily at work. This organization had its secret representatives in many a land. In the bosom of the noble forests of the great western republic, in its crowded cities and its verdant fields, the partisans of Fenianism were to be found. Its influence travelled with electric speed over bright southern seas to beautiful Australia, where it found its resting-place in kindred hearts. Even in the country whose constitution it labored to destroy the agents of this great society were rife and active. In the busy thoroughfares of populous London, amidst its subterranean dens, and on the surface of its lively river, young lovers of national liberty planned their rebellious schemes. Beneath the gloomy coal-pits of the northern shires this spirit beat in the hearts of Ireland's sons. In the land of its hopes and its love there were young and old enthusiasts whose bosoms burned with patriotic fire. The barony in which the Willows lived cherished many a brave young heart like Allen, Larkin, and

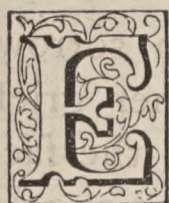
O'Brien, whose memories Ireland shall ever love. At this time the whole country was plunged into a state of intense excitement. The wealthy of the land feared an outbreak, since they had much to lose. The represented strength of this confederacy occasioned them just alarm ; still, they might have felt less uneasy, as the consequences proved. The middle classes were more indifferent than the higher, as they had less to lose ; but the poor exulted both at the hope of seeing themselves freed from British tyranny, as well as at the chances of finding their fortunes bettered with the freedom of their beloved isle. The majority of the clergy took the most sensible side of the question, as they clearly foresaw the dangers and ruin of the Fenian conspiracy. Many of the leaders were false, and made great fortunes by their treacherous dealings ; others were true, and served with honor in foreign fields, while they showed, by their eloquence and manner at their trials in the dock, that they were worthy and willing to suffer for Ireland.

The spring was now beginning to exert its growing power, and the close of February witnessed many heavy, rainy days ; still, those damp times did not change the ardent spirits of the Fenian brotherhood in that neighborhood. The young, hardy, and stalwart pea-

santry and tradesmen in the vicinity held their usual midnight meetings adjoining some dark wood or in some sequestered valley. Here the drill exercise was performed with military exactness, and in the solemn darkness of the hour those men worked on with a strong and heroic purpose. Their hearts burned with that desire of vengeance which long periods of oppression excite. They looked upon England with as much hatred and rage as a mother would regard the tiger that had killed and eaten her child. The songs of their native land which told the story of its wrongs and sorrows increased this feeling in their breasts. Though badly armed and poorly disciplined, still their sanguine hopes impressed them with the belief that they would yet achieve great wonders. A friend to the cause could conjecture, from the spirit of the brotherhood, that the hour which marked the great revolutionary move was fast approaching. The world outside their circle, with few exceptions, were ignorant of the actual moment when the first explosion would break forth. Though fresh reports of the capture of arms and the arrest of suspected persons were communicated through the country, still no armed rising of any importance yet took place. At last the hearts of the people were excited to frenzy on the morning of the sixth of March, 1867,

by the startling accounts of the insurrection of the previous night that filled every home in the country.

CHAPTER IV.



VENING was sinking fast into night on the fifth of March, when the Willow family were gathered around the dying-bed of their beloved Maria in one of the chambers fronting the little town. There were tears in every eye that night, and a sorrow too deep for words depicted on many a tender countenance. The object of their love and grief lay on her bed of pain, with a deadly pallor on her features. Her eyes shed a feeble beam as pure as the soul that gave it meaning. Her breath came short and fast. Her soul was going fast to the home of its dreams and its love. Still, in the depth of her bodily agony it seemed to retain all its light and tranquillity. She uttered a few expressions indistinctly. Their meaning escaped the sorrowful group. She clutched the bed-clothes with her wasting hands, through which the blue veins were running. Her eyes were all this time gazing upwards. At last she turned them round, and glanced, with a look of passionate sweetness, towards her brother Willie. His

quick ears heard her ask for the crucifix in the midst of her mother's sighs. He ran to present it to her, whilst a smile of heavenly joy illumined his features. She took it calmly, and pressed it passionately to her lips. When this was done, she raised her eyes to heaven with a look of adoring love. The slightest trace of a fond tear glistened near her eye.

The mother's heart was torn with sorrow, and Willie was trying to subdue her grief.

"Ah! mamma," he cried, "look at the face of my sister, radiant with the joy of the angels. Her happy soul will soon behold them. Let me press you to my heart, and wipe away your tears, O my fondest mother!"

Walter looked at this from the darkest corner of the chamber; but he quickly turned away his glances, as an inward agony was consuming his heart. It was the first dying-bed he had ever witnessed. Accustomed hitherto to luxuriate in the beautiful realms of thought, he was ignorant of the sorrows of real life until this moment. The influence of a pure, practical religion now worked upon his heart. The thought that his dear sister would soon leave him for ever was too terrible to realize, and yet he saw the awful truth confirmed by her rapid gaspings, her sinking eyes, and her quivering lips. "O God!" he cried, whilst his agony appeared in his face, "give me my darling sis-

ter, if it be thy will." His looks now became distracted, but his fancy pictured beautiful, holy scenes. The dark images in which he lately indulged vanished from his soul, and in the sweet light of his sister's smile he now saw angelic love reposing. His fancy mounted on its wing of light, and he beheld the Virgin Mother, with her radiant court, illumining the couch of the dying girl with their sunny glory. His soul exulted at seeing their beauty. "Oh! surely," he cried, "it is no loss to her wearied spirit to fly to those forms of light. Be ever present to my soul, ye lovely visions, and come, my sister, when you meet those happy bands, to your distracted brother when he is dark and lonely." Thus did Walter sigh and wander.

Grief stupefied the father's brain, and he wandered through the darkened chambers like one without sense or feeling. At one time he would sit in the gloom, and bury his head in his hands. "'Tis but a dream," he then would cry; "it is not true. My darling Maria is not going to leave me. But, O my God! her withering cheek belies me." His wanderings led him to the door of the house, that opened on the street. It was now midnight, and as he stared out on the little town, which a few stars slightly brightened, his ears were quickly arrested by a band of people coming up the street. The noise of some wagons joined in

with the military tramp of the body that he saw advancing. He saw the bayonets and drawn swords gleam as the men came on; but he heard no voices. The truth rushed at once to his mind. Even in his sad distractions he suspected that the Fenians were advancing to attack the barrack of the town. He rushed quickly back, and carried the news to those in the chamber of his dying daughter.

Had an earthquake convulsed the dwelling that moment, and swallowed its inmates beneath the dark ruins, it would scarcely have caused more terror and wonder than this news produced.

Mrs. Willow, with some friends who came that night to share her sorrows, screamed aloud when they heard of it.

"My God!" cried the mother, "this will hasten the death of my darling Maria. Hark! though the wild wind roars against the window, I can hear their wild shouts outside. Heaven be praised! they are firing at the barrack now."

It was quite true. The Fenians had by this time reached the police station, which stood opposite the house of the Willows. Their number only amounted to forty or fifty. The majority of the band remained at the lower end of the town, as they considered their services unnecessary that night. It would appear that the police anticipated this attack, as they

were well prepared to give their assailants a warm reception. Their doors and windows were strongly fortified. From a small aperture in the end of the building and close to the roof they discharged their muskets on the wild besiegers. The Fenian band, with all the violence of disappointed rage, dashed the butts of their fire-arms against the door of the barrack, and called loudly on the inmates to surrender. Balls flew through the windows, crashing the glass into fragments, and loud cries of vengeance rang out on the street of the sleeping town. A random ball from the barrack window bounded over the air, and lodged in the wall of the dying girl's chamber. "O heaven!" cried the distressed mother, "we are surely lost, and my darling Maria is expiring." Unhappily, it was true. Maria turned around with a dying glare in her eye; but all at once she seemed to revive a little, whilst her voice appeared to retain some power.

"Willie! Mother!" she said.

The little beauty brought his face, now wet with tears, in contact with his sister's. "Yes, my loving Maria," sighed the sorrowing boy.

"What noise is that?" she asked.

"It is the Fenians, that have come to take the barrack and save our land," he replied.

"God bless them, and you, and all the rest!" she said. "I am going to the home of my love

and my joy. Darlings, farewell." Her feeble hand fell back on the pillow. She kissed the crucifix again and again, and would not relinquish it. She glanced towards heaven with a smile of the greatest delight and love.

At last her quivering lids grew stiff and cold outside those eyes whose gentle beams were quenched for ever. The crucifix dropped from her lifeless hand. Her spirit bounded exultingly from its temple of clay, and, already drunk with the odors of heaven's incense, it yielded to the softness of angels' embraces, and was borne along to its home of undying joy. A loud discharge of arms arose outside at the same time. Thundering batteries followed against the doors and windows. Loud roars succeeded, and torches blazed in that awful midnight. Maria's father approached her lifeless form, gazed long and wildly on her marble brow, which angelic calmness had beautified even in death, and addressed it in trembling and abstracted tones. The mother felt a pressing weight upon her heart. She saw her husband bending over her dying child, his bosom throbbing with a sorrow too deep and wild for tears. She grasped the cold hand of her Maria, and fondly called on her sweet name. The confusion and uproar that prevailed in the street, the stray and rapid gleams of light that swept past the window, and the awful

silence of her husband's sorrow, burst in upon her swelling heart, and caused her to give it relief by shedding a torrent of burning tears.

Little Willie all this time had his head reclining on the pillow of his dead sister, but his soul was feeding with silent ecstasy on the beauty of heavenly scenes. His mind seemed unconscious of the sorrowful drama around him. He saw the beautiful soul of his sister revelling in the joys of angelic society. He saw Maria's soul sharing in the smiles of the Blessed Virgin, and his kind little heart was filled with gladness. Wave upon wave of glorious revealings beat on the shore of the soul of that wonderful boy. There were a sanctity and a glory in his look that charmed and soothed the heart of his parents, as they glanced from the corpse to that heavenly child. His eyelids were closed. He saw them not. Were it not for that smile on his lips and that glow on his cheek, they would have thought that his soul had attended his sister's in its upward flight.

"Willie, love," said the mother, and she shook him very tenderly.

"Oh! sweet is her joy," he abstractedly cried.

"Willie, darling," his mother again repeated.

"Yes, dearest mamma," cried the holy boy,

opening his eyes, and smiling more brightly. "Why do you weep and sigh?"

"Oh! see your dead sister, sweet boy," she replied.

He turned his eyes upon the corpse. He bent over his sister, and flooded her lifeless cheek with his kisses and tears. He sobbed aloud. His parents joined in the mournful plaint. He turned around, whilst words of consolation mingled with his sighs.

"I thank God," cried he, "her spirit has had a happy release. Oh! if you had seen the beautiful vision of Maria's soul in heaven that I beheld, your hearts would burst with very joy. She is indeed no more. Her lips no longer brighten our souls with their lovely smiles. Her eyes have lost their light, my mother; but, oh! think of her soul on high, and give joy to the Lord. Those wild bursts of sorrow are not needed, my mother. They will only make Maria sad. Let us lift our souls to God in this sorrowful hour, and he will make us resigned and happy."

Thus did little Willie try to cheer and console his afflicted parents. His father heard his words, but did not understand him. He was too full of sorrow, and now and then a tear would drop from his eye, as a sigh escaped his bosom. After patting the smooth, pale cheeks of his dead child, and smoothing her long,

clammy hair with a touching tenderness, a wild groan escaped him, and he quitted the room.

Walter was all this time sobbing and dreaming with his head on his hands; but his musings were soon aroused by the thundering noise of a desperate volley between the police and rebels in the street.

One loud scream rang out from a multitude of throats on the cold night wind, awakening the inmates of the neighboring dwellings from their deep slumbers. The cries outside grew louder and more angry. The breeze swept by the windows with a fiercer power, whilst the terrors of those in the dead-room augmented. Walter rushed from his seat to the window. His bosom thrilled with grief and a wild, patriotic enthusiasm. He drew the shutters back, and gazed out on the cold, dark night, which was every moment becoming wilder and wilder. The stars by degrees withdrew their lustre. The wind roared with the fiercest power. The trees shook their branches violently. The loose bricks on some chimney-tops became looser, and fell with a crash on the roofs of the houses. The rooks that were perched on the trees that encircled the adjoining churchyard croaked and swung on their frail habitations.

The Fenians lost a brother, who fell mortally wounded by a ball that came from the small aperture on the top of the constables' building.

He was their leader, too. When this disaster fell upon the band, their rage became unbounded. They groaned and roared, and smashed in fragments the glass in the barrack windows. They thundered at the door, but its strong framework never yielded. They raised loud screams of rage and of disappointment. As their ammunition was spent at this time, and as they saw that little hope remained of effecting an entrance, they retired from the field, leaving their dead brother behind them. Gray dawn was now dispelling the shadows that lately gloomed over the house-tops of the town. Those whom terror confined to their homes a few hours before now ventured forth into the windy street to learn the effects of the recent encounter. Bewildered and trembling, they drew near the barrack in groups, and saw, to their horror and grief, large blotches of blood here and there on the pavement. The marks of the balls on the walls and the ruined state of the windows confirmed their fears and surmises.

Meanwhile, the Willow family became more moderate in their grief. The poor mother never ceased to pray with the deepest fervor for the soul of her departed Maria. Willie joined with no less ardor. The father wandered, silent and distracted, through the house. Walter grew impatient, and wished to view the

effects of the late assault. He turned his steps to the barrack, and heightened the grief of the paralyzed crowd that were standing around by reporting the death of his well-beloved sister. Friends rushed from this scene of horror to the gloomy chamber of the Willows to soothe the troubled family and proffer their deepest sympathies. Walter soon entered the hall of the station. There he saw the form of a young and handsome man stretched on the floor before him. His person was horribly disfigured. The warm blood had scarcely yet ceased to flow from his deadly wounds. An expression of the most touching melancholy, sanctified by a smile which sprang from a consciousness of patriot martyrdom, gave a heavenly effect to the placidity of his white, marble countenance. His features were regular and mild. His brow looked intellectual. His dark-brown hair was clotted with blood which flowed from a wound near his temple. He wore a plain uniform, consisting of a green jacket embroidered with yellow fringe, and encircled by a belt, from which a pistol depended. Pants of the same material were half concealed by large boots that reached the knees. A sash of green and gold passed over the shoulders, and hung at the waist, to indicate his rank of captain.

The bystanders gazed with sympathy and horror at the figure of that fine, manly youth,

whose lamp of life was so soon extinguished. The knowledge of his heroic, patriotic self-sacrifice intensified their love and sorrow. They felt like tearing him from the spot, and laying his dead form decently in some of their own bright homes. But their thoughts were interrupted by the appearance of a large detachment of military, who were just then advancing with quick step along the street. They had just arrived from the city of Cork. A telegram, sent to the army headquarters there at an early hour in the morning, was answered by their prompt arrival in the village. As the March wind blew roughly, and heavy hail fell, they wrapped their great-coats around them, and inverted their muskets. They looked a formidable band as they came near the station. The leader of the company seemed a coarse and brutal fellow. His massive head was sunk in his herculean shoulders. His manners were as rude as his exterior. Saluting the wondering crowd in a violent manner, he bade them leave the door of the barrack, whilst he entered with his party of soldiers. The first object that caught his eye was the bloody form of the dead rebel. The character of his uniform convinced the ruffian soldier that the corpse of a Fenian lay before him. His fury and hatred arose at this conviction. He turned the body around with his foot, and kicked it savagely.

A youth amongst the bystanders saw the action, and his blood boiled at the insult offered to the sacred dead. In his rage he rushed forward, and struck the cruel soldier, but received in return a wound from his sword which was almost fatal. He staggered and fell. The blood coursed in streams from his wound. There was a cry of rage and vengeance amongst the crowd, but the soldiers gathered around, took the wounded man to the guard-house, and dispersed the people.

CHAPTER V.



THE chamber of death in the house of the Willows was full of silent mourners. They sometimes spoke in soft whispers of the virtues of the fond deceased. Little Willie at last succeeded in soothing his father's grief and restoring his wandering faculties. He now sat by his parents, cheering and consoling them. The friends of the family were carried away in fancy to heaven by his beautiful sayings. The pastor of the village, a fine, good-natured priest, soon came to cheer the Willows in their deep affliction. His words of love fell on their hearts, and drove away their sadness. But his remarks were soon disturbed by loud and pierc-

ing screams that rang through the street. Now they were low and touching, again high and wild, piercing the air and the hearts of the listeners. The pastor looked out the window on the street, which the people were filling. The scene that met his view almost broke his heart. Three women, with long, black cloaks, knelt in front of the barrack; the foremost amongst them had her hood thrown back, whilst her hair floated loosely in the cold March wind, and her arms were tossed wildly above and around her. She was the youngest of the three, and the wife of the dead Fenian, as any one could see from her excessive sorrow. She kissed again and again the blood of her husband that stained the stones on the open street. In the excess of her misery she cursed his murderers, and begged of heaven to save his soul. At last the female mourners broke into a wail so wild and agonizing that the hearts of the bystanders were bursting with grief. The unhappy wife had not yet beheld the body of her husband. She demanded admittance into the station again and again in piercing and piteous tones. Her request was unnoticed, and her advances repelled with brutal ferocity. The rage of the people increased at this savage conduct; they gathered around the station, and threatened to enter by force, if they would not be readily admitted.

The chief constable at last prudently chose the mildest course, and let the stricken widow in. The pastor could not see what followed. He was spared the sight, but his ears told him, from the shouts he heard, that the heart of the widow was broken. He turned around to hide his distress, and the bloody corpse with the sorrowful mourners met his vision.

"O woful day!" he cried. "The village is darkened with death. From its quiet little street the shriek of calamity rises. What horror must reign over the land this morning! The Fenians have risen in one vast body through the country. O God! protect our people."

Terror kept his listeners silent. They looked to the pastor appealingly. They hung their heads, and sighed; then they knelt, and prayed most fervently. They heard the dreary wail again reverberate from house to house, and the heavy noise of a wagon rolling over the pavements; the broken-hearted females were bearing away the corpse of their well-beloved Fenian. The excitement increased in the street. Large crowds rushed terror-stricken from the country, bearing to the towns-people extravagant accounts of the success of the Fenian arms.

The result of the movement was now regarded with terrible interest. All classes expect-

ed that this struggle would decide their political destiny. As the full blaze of revolt had now ascended, and as they beheld their countrymen contending for victory or death, they sympathized with their whole hearts in the glory of the cause. Young enthusiasts hurried secretly armed from their homes to join the straggling Fenian bands in the valleys and the mountains. Almost all became in favor of the insurrection; but it was a rash and wild one, which was soon destined to bring its agents down to scaffolds, chains, and dungeons. Whilst the anxious crowd chatted vehemently in the street, and expected every moment to gain intelligence of the capture of some large towns or fortresses by the Fenian army, they were suddenly plunged into disappointment and dismay, as they saw some wretched insurgent prisoners marching manacled amidst a military escort up the centre of the village. The unhappy men looked torn, wild, and pale. The soldiers brought them strongly bound, and lodged them in the dungeon of the station. Words of pity and admiration escaped the crowd as they moved along. The day passed away amidst the heat of fearful excitement. Rumors came in the evening that barracks were burned, telegraphic wires destroyed, and military and constabulary routed by the Fenian arms. The people were

plunged into a fever of wild expectation. Sorrowful crowds entered and quitted the house of the Willows. Night came on, and a messenger from the neighboring town brought intelligence of various disasters that had overtaken the Fenians. Midnight passed away with moderate grief in the chamber of death, and the morning sun burst over the silent town in all its beauty. The forenoon looked very cloudy, and a desperate March wind raged ; some snow had fallen the previous night and covered the street. The dark clouds gathered, and soon eclipsed the splendor of the sunlight. At last a rough gale blew from the northwest, and a thick shower of hail descended. Whilst this inclemency continued, a military party started from the barrack of the town, and marched through the streets with their muskets lowered and their dark cloaks gathered around them to search for Fenians in the country. A violent snow-storm raged during their absence, and this inclemency of the elements, which continued for several weeks, blasted the efforts and hopes of the rebels entirely. Unarmed, disorganized, and unprotected, they roamed in bewildered bands through the stormy hills. Many tried to escape by sea to America, others returned secretly to their homes, whilst the rest sought refuge in the mountains. The military, aided by many informers, suc-

ceeded in discovering their retreats and bringing them captives to the neighboring town. It was pitiful to see those forlorn and imprudent young men dragged to a baser slavery than that from which they strove to emancipate their fellow-countrymen. Their tattered and famished state almost moved the sympathy of the enemy. Their own people could scarcely repress their rage and grief at such a picture. The fallen patriots were plunged in dungeons and left in darkness to deplore the failure of their schemes and the still distressing state of their country. A slight incident occurred amongst a scattered Fenian company on the second day of the insurrection which shows the rigid discipline of the organization.

The evening was dark and showery when a little Fenian band drew up at the foot of a deep, wild glen which was covered with trees and bushes. All their provisions had been long since consumed, and none of the party had taken any food since the morning. Indeed, they looked like an outcast troop, their condition was so strange and desperate. One amongst the number, rendered sad at the thought of the dear home he had left, famished and wild with hunger, and terrified at the prospects of an execution or transportation to the colonies, conceived the design of abandoning his com-

rades. Whilst the rest were deeply engaged in laying plans for the future beneath some tall trees and brushwood, the cowardly youth made an effort to steal quietly around a turning in the glen which led to the open country. The keen eye of the captain detected the manœuvre in time to prevent its accomplishment. "Brothers," said he, addressing the rest of the band that were gathered around him, "behold the traitor." The cowardly action of the youth aroused their indignation. The captain called on him to return, or he would shoot him. This threat only made the other run faster. "There, then," said the leader, "if you will have it so," at the same time discharging his musket at the fugitive. A sharp cry escaped the wounded man, as a ball entered his temples. He fell, bathed in his blood, and soon expired.

Whilst this was passing, some of the party saw, to their rage and disappointment, a troop of infantry coming down a distant hill towards the little valley where they stood. As they were far inferior to the soldiers in point of numbers, they thought it better to make a quick retreat. After passing through an extensive tract of country, footsore and exhausted, some were compelled to yield themselves prisoners, whilst the rest succeeded in discovering a temporary shelter.

Cases of this description were very numerous during the early part of the Fenian insurrection.

CHAPTER VI.



MARIA WILLOW had now been three days dead. On the morning of the last a bright sky beamed over town and country; but as the day advanced, the wind blew sharper and sunny showers fell. Great preparations were being made for the coming funeral. Large crowds of friends assembled in and around the house of the Willows. A range of wagons extended along the whole street. The size of the funeral procession showed the great love and esteem that was felt for Maria. When all was ready, the procession started, and moved solemnly and slowly along the street, and through a country road that brought them to the graveyard, which lay in the centre of a beautiful demesne. The vigorous spring breeze swept by the leaves and branches of the evergreens and alder-trees that grew over the lonely graves in the silent cemetery before them.

The front of the graveyard opened on a meadowy prospect crowned with hills which, even at that early season of the year, looked very lovely. When the sun shone, the little

lambs, attended by their mothers, sported gaily over the grassy fields, never dreaming of the bones of those that mingled with the clay in the graves so near them. Long and neatly-trimmed hedges ran around the meadows near the still and wild churchyard, whilst the observer caught a glimpse of a sweet and lovely cottage that reared its charming, modest roof over the tops of some deep, dark woods that stretched beyond. The rear and sides of the graveyard were entirely surrounded with trees of several species.

Walter saw in the distance, as he often did before, the lofty tower of the grand old castle, which was once the pride and glory of these lands, lifting its ivy-clad and stately summit over the fine old elms and oaks that grew around it. Through the openings between the willows, oaks, and elms that shaded the rear of the graveyard Walter was enabled to catch sweet glimpses of distant pastoral scenes, ripening in the vigor of spring, and growing soft and mellow beneath some overhanging vapors which the sinking sun was coloring and enriching with his beams.

Withdrawing his eyes from the surrounding objects, he permitted them to rest on the graveyard scenes. There was an air of stillness and strange beauty around this spot which at once charmed his fancy and thrilled his heart. It

undoubtedly seemed to him a living fac-simile of those awful and mysterious cemeteries which he so often found described in the many poems and novels that he read. There was the long, thick grass growing on the graves, and waving with a low and moaning sound, as the wind swept over it. The moss clung closely to the old, neglected tomb-stones. Dense brambles choked the entrance to the pretty walks that once ran round the plots where many a corpse was buried. Rats, rabbits, and owls ran terrified to their hiding-places, as the footsteps of the visitors aroused them. The rooks cawed hoarsely on the tops of the rugged and hoary trees that grew above the alders and tomb-stones. The chief attraction of this graveyard scene lay in the presence of an old, venerable ruin, which was in earlier days a church of great beauty. It filled the mind and heart with thoughts and feelings of wonder and delight the moment one beheld it. The walls were covered with ivy, whose long, straggling branches stretched like coarse knitting across the curiously-shaped casements. The blast sighed hoarsely through the roof of willow and alder branches. As Walter entered, he found the graves of many old families crowded together in interesting disorder. Some lay indistinctly marked beneath weeds and brush-wood, only revealed to the sharp observer by

a moss-covered little cross of stone which partly escaped between the close-fitting stems of the branches; others appeared with their antique head-stones beneath a stone shelf that jutted from the wall, whilst the lower and half-decayed limbs of old trees partly covered them. As Walter wandered over these old grass-grown graves, the noise of his feet routed the fox from his adjoining cover, and the weasel and rabbit from their rest near the crumbling walls. Attended by an aged friend whose sincere sympathy and gravity of soul had won his love, Walter soon arrived at the corner of the ruin, where an old moss-covered tomb-stone appeared before him. Time and neglect made it hard to read the words that were once cut on it. By quickly removing the dirt and moss that covered them they read as follows:

"Hic Jacent Geraldi Iniskilli."

Beneath this old and humble slab lay the remains of one of the princely families of the Geraldines, who once occupied the ancient castle beyond, whose towers and battlements in those days looked stronger and prouder in their majesty and beauty. Dark deeds were told by the people about the last of the Fitzgeralds, and the figure of a wild boar engraved on his tomb was meant to show his skill and address in hunting, and the strength of an arm which

alone had overcome one of those savage beasts of the forest. That tomb, with its picture, spoke mournfully and feelingly of the departed power and glory of the Geraldines. The Cromwellian wars had robbed the castle of its beauty, dispossessed its owners, and transferred their hereditary wealth and rank into the hands of low-born English plunderers. Each Irishman who saw that moss-covered tomb of the Fitzgeralds felt emotions of resentment and sorrow swelling within his breast at the consciousness of no longer possessing an Irish Catholic aristocracy, whose position and wealth they found usurped by upstarts alike opposed to the interests of their faith and country.

They were now coming near the open grave which was to hold Maria's body, when the soft sobs of his mother pierced the heart of Walter with grief and pain. As he came near the grave, he saw the coffin lowered, his mother bending over it with tearful eyes and a look of anguish, whilst little Willie knelt beside her, with his lovely, fair face lifted up to heaven, expressing peace and real contentment, whilst his soul was rapt in deep and earnest prayer. The father's fortitude struggled strongly with his bleeding heart. His nearest, fondest friends tried to soothe his anguish, but in vain. The memory of his beloved daughter, with her love and virtues, was too

near his mind and heart to suffer him to gaze calmly and in silence on the present scene. Walter, unable to bear the continued agony of his mother, drew her from the crowd around the grave, and strove to reason with her tenderly. The influence of his mild religious arguments brought fortitude and resignation once again to his mother's heart.

She dried her tears, and felt quite soothed. "Ah! Walter, my child," she said when they had spoken for some time about good Maria, "how dark and wild and lonely this graveyard looks where my dear, fond daughter is buried! How few ever enter here to shed a tear or breathe a prayer over the remains of the departed! All the year round it is a dreary solitude, save when a person enters accidentally, or when a corpse is buried within its walls; but God be praised and thanked for everything, as he is the giver and lover of all."

"Mother," replied Walter, "let the knowledge of other circumstances connected with this lonely graveyard banish the thoughts which you have just now uttered from your mind. Gaze on that ruined church, which, in its antique interest and beauty, brings back the memory of facts and scenes connected with its past. It, like the grounds which immediately surround it, was, and is

still, sanctified by the prayers and holy hymns and penances which the pure and blessed monks who occupied it offered to Almighty God. Perhaps the coffin of my darling sister now touches the dust of some of the saints of God, whose abbey must have been near this spot, and whose bones must have been deposited near this church which is now in ruin. Believe me, their blessed spirits have not forgotten these grounds, which they made bright and lovely by their labor when they lived here long ago in holy peace and innocence. Though the gardens which their tastes and labors beautified are no longer visible; though the church within whose walls they once prayed and sang and offered sacrifice to God is now abandoned; though the dwelling-house in which they shared each other's love has long since disappeared, still they look from heaven now upon this place, and breathe an air of sanctity over its very dust. O dear mother! we have reason to be glad that Maria is buried here. Though the name it bears and the scenery it has are wild, still this ground is sanctified, and the light of God is ever around it. You and I, and the rest of the family, shall often visit Maria's grave, and pray sincerely for her soul's salvation. Even if this graveyard were not associated with so many holy recollections of the past, still it would make

little matter where the body of my sister lay after a Christian burial, as her soul, I am assured, from the spotless character of her life, is now exulting in the joy and glory of her Saviour. Now, dear mother," said Walter, "the grave is filled up; and see dear brother Willie trying to comfort my father. Let us join them, and then kneel down to pray."

Mrs. Willow thanked her son for his cheering words, and then kissed him tenderly for his care. Willie consoled his father. Then they all knelt on the grassy graves, and prayed. Then they arose, glanced sadly and lovingly at the grave, bade adieu to their friends, and set out in their carriage homewards. But Walter went on foot with a youth whom he loved by a different way. They found themselves immediately in a large, rich lawn, from which the ancient castle, the modern massive building in the southwest, and the hills, woods, and fertile plains of the north, could be clearly seen. They soon came near the old castle, and entered it. The two youths ascended its solid stone stairs, viewing with expressive rapture, as they ascended, the antiquity and strength of the walls. The first floor was lofty and spacious, and had an air of gloom and mystery about it which filled them with awe.

"Here," said Walter, "the noble Geraldines

often feasted, sang, and entertained each other in the past. Here the wine-cup and the harp, and the fruits of many a day's forest chase, were often used at the same time. But now those good old days are gone, and this grand old castle is buried in silence and solitude." After uttering these remarks, Walter, followed by his friend, pursued his upward course through the building. As they ascended, they caught bright views of the scenes below through the quaint old loop-holes. The second floor was soon gained, and that which was once smooth and shining was now covered with long grass, weeds, and brushwood. The birds fluttered in the branches of the old alder-trees and in the ivy on the walls, as they entered. The rats, mice, and owls ran further back to their retreats as they heard the noise, whilst the large breach on the side of the castle-wall on this floor, made by Cromwell's soldiers, lent a more interesting aspect to the scene.

They soon reached the top of the old castle, and, as they did, a noble, soft, sunny view stretched out before them. It was not raining now. The day was very clear and the air very dry at this time. The grand old castle, clad with ivy, adorned with old trees jutting out from its walls, and with a high and beautiful flagstaff, stood like the genius of ruins materi-

alized in the middle of that fair and silent landscape. Turning their eyes towards the north, they saw the woody hills of Ballynona looking very lovely. The hedges, groves, and gardens that stretched beyond varied the view very beautifully, as they encircled with their charms the placid waters of Loughaderra. Then glancing towards the west, they saw convenient to them the great house of the nobleman, which was the most prominent object of the scene on that side. The courtyard, pleasure-ground, and vast roofs and belfry of the building, silent and beautiful with their vast proportions, looked enchanting in the midst of the lawns and woods and gardens in that direction. Then the view looked lovely towards the east; there was the river near the foot of the castle, rolling silently on, with its sides adorned by the willow and the sweet red-tree, and the lawns of velvet green, and the bulrushes, whilst its surface trembled in a thousand places at once with the movements of the trout and other fishes who were trying to catch flies in the sunbeams; then there was the beautiful stone bridge not far away, and the rushing, picturesque waterfall beneath it, with the little row-boat near its edge chained to a holly-tree. Again, they saw beyond the river beautiful, swelling woods, with their bright, fresh foliage of green, encir-

cling the lovely, quiet village of C——, whose church steeple and houses were partly seen. The green vales in the country, and the bright hills and villages near the sea, by turns appeared. Wherever their eyes rested they saw beauties which the sunset goldened, and which the purple mist that gathered around the western horizon softened and bathed by its mild, dewy power.

Walter and his friend would have continued sitting on the grassy summit of the castle for weeks without being weary of gazing on the scenery that swelled before their eyes; but the clock of the court-yard, now striking six, warned them that it was time to be starting for home. They did so, and found the rest of the family before them.

CHAPTER VII.



THE day passed quietly in the house of the Willows. Buried in silent sorrow, the family were resigned to the will of the Lord. They felt that the soul of their departed Maria shone around them, making their hearts calm and satisfied. The presence and words of little Willie also consoled them. Love seemed to burn more in their hearts, and hope gave them joy.

Day after day went on, and still the Fenian excitement continued unabated. News came from all parts of the country of fresh arrests and new encounters between the insurgents, the military, and policemen. The capture of some of the most powerful and notorious leaders excited a deep and intense interest. Intelligence arrived very soon of the terrible encounter which a few brave Fenians had with a party of troops in the wood of Kilclooney, near Mitchellstown. The people of C—— felt particularly interested in the story, as the leading patriot was born not far from there, and lived alone, respectably and religiously, with his maiden sister. His name was Peter O'Neil Crowley, and he was widely known for his character of simplicity, charity, and patriotism. Very unassuming and loved by all, whilst descended from a highly respectable and wealthy family, he pursued a quiet, retiring life in the village of Bally—— as a farmer. He was filled with that spirit which made his uncle, Father Peter O'Neil, die in Youghal a martyr to patriotism, faith, and charity. His heart and mind were fired and illumined by the spirit of patriotism. He borrowed this high and sacred feeling from his fathers before him, from his holy religion, which is so closely allied to it, and from his many reflections on the sad and deplorable, down-trodden state of the people of

Ireland. Strongly and tenderly devoted to the Catholic Church, he was at the same time an ardent lover of his country and its people. Born in a spot near the ocean possessing a character at once varied, wild, and romantic, he drew from its constant contemplation a warm spirit of love for the scenery of Ireland. The simple manners of the peasantry around him, their honesty, piety, and his esteem for them, made him feel desirous to try to place them in possession of their native land by his exertions in the Fenian movement. He saw their noble character; he saw the history of their country written in blood, its people sighing, pining, and exhausted, striving, like a bird imprisoned, to get free; he viewed the fat of the land devoured by haughty, insolent upstarts; he beheld in the future bright hopes displaying themselves; he perceived, as he thought, the hand of Holy Providence beckoning him to advance and strive to liberate his countrymen; and these visions filled him with a superhuman energy, desire, and confidence. He went forth in obedience, as he thought, to the call of God, not for the sake of temporal gain, as he only expected to lose both time and money; not for the sake of human applause, as he was much too humble; not for the love of battle and pillage, but only for the sake of God's glory, his people's good, and his

own spiritual advantage. Filled with these grand ideas and feelings, he went forth, silently and quietly waiting his opportunity for action, but, like many such noble hearts, the victim of disappointment and betrayal. American promises failed, home resources were exhausted, a spirit of fear among Fenian circles prevailed, and the want of fine weather, ammunition, and arms left him and the rest entirely incapable of freeing their country. His end was soldierly, tragic, and noble. He died a martyr to God and his country. The bayonet of the bitter sergeant in the stream near Kildclooney Wood penetrated one of the noblest hearts that ever existed. It rushed through the sacred medals that blessed it, tore through the flesh of a virgin, and made the pure, warm blood of the hero redden and swell the rivulet. Peter died blessing God and his country. His memory dwells in the cabinet of Ireland's love, and will never escape it. His death's tale was heard with distress by the family of the Willows, because they were connected by blood with the people of Crowly. It is revered to-day by Irishmen in every land who remember it. It is crowned with glory in the annals of that lovely and devoted book called "The Story of Ireland."

"Thank God," said Willie, "that our land has such holy and valiant martyrs! Thank God

that the number of its saints is increasing!" Yes, it was soon to swell with the names of three who were martyrs to freedom. The next great event that occurred was the capture of Allen Larkin and O'Brien, who were condemned to death for trying to free Ireland. Oh! what a wail of sorrow went over the land when those three were martyred. Men of feeling could not speak, their eyes were so full of tears, and their hearts of agony, when they heard it. O'Brien, who lived near the town of C——, had thousands of sympathizers in that part of Ireland. A long and sad procession, where the green was seen mingling with sadder hues, advanced through the country to the grave where his forefathers were buried. The grand march in "Saul" was played by many bands with power and feeling, awakening in the souls of the listeners crushing memories of the wrongs of the departed; and the Willows joined sincerely with the family of the martyr in bemoaning his fate, and Willie's mother was beginning to get sad, because he, the darling of her heart, was declining. His disease seemed to increase after the death of his sister.

Naturally weak and growing fast, he was now thin and pale. The beauty of his soul seemed to his mother to shine more clearly now through his wasting features. Her love increased as his disease did. Her heart was getting weaker

every day, as it was going away more and more into his, and losing, as it were, its own existence. His love for prayer, God, heaven, grace, and glory unending increased as death drew nearer. His eyes would kindle with love and joy and pride whenever he heard Walter speak of the wished-for freedom of his country. He placed it and its people under God's protection, and wished them all the blessings that his mind could think of and his lips could utter. But each day's news was more disheartening for the friends of the brotherhood than the preceding. Day after day fresh arrests were made and new prisoners convicted. The doleful result of the Jacknell expedition excited feelings of disappointment and grief in the hearts of the people. Amidst the terrible feeling of doubt and anxiety that possessed the country, the Willows were solemn and silent. Walter had yet hoped in Ireland's salvation, though the condition of things seemed desperate. He trusted in the God that guides the patriot's mind and fires his heart for the freedom and glory of Ireland. He would have given worlds himself, if he possessed them, to see his own dear green land sunning itself in the beams of freedom. His wild, enthusiastic nature burned to see his wishes realized. His darling brother's low condition filled him with sorrow, because he knew that he was in-

deed the incarnation of everything patriotic, virtuous, pious, and noble. He tried all the time to check his mother's rushing tears. He viewed with pain and sorrow the tender, heart-rending looks and words which Mrs. Willow exchanged with her dying child. Willie would often hold her hand in his, and drink in from her holy eyes a spirit of patience and fondness. Heaven and the love of God were the principal subjects of their conversation. One could see from his blue, deep, modest eyes that his heart was full of devotion. His feelings and wishes were entirely withdrawn from the things of this world. He felt, spoke, and looked like one who wished to go only to Jesus. When the bright sun shone through his chamber window, he cried to God in words of thanksgiving, and begged of him to send the light of his love and grace into his bosom. When pain pierced his wasting body and senses, he called to mind the sufferings of his dear Redeemer, and felt thankful. The will of God was Willie's will indeed. He often spoke to his mother of the beauty and goodness of those souls who observed it. He felt desirous to go to God, into the company of the angels and the blessed, about whom he had been so often dreaming. The whole Willow family drew beautiful lessons and desires from his sayings and demeanor. And the more his body pined, the more his spirit seem-

ed to soar and to grow stronger. He would love to hear his mother or brother read holy books at his bedside. As the beautiful and saintly ideas of the authors discovered themselves, his eyes would turn upwards in grateful praise and love to God, whilst his heart would beat more warmly with hope and gladness. The life of our Lord enraptured him. He always loved to talk of him, to picture to his mind his loving form and his sacred heart, to think again and again of his deeds of charity, to draw others nearer to him, and to drink in without ceasing that precious blood which is the food of virgins. Thoughts and sentiments like these filled the mind and heart of Willie Willow when the priest of the village came to give him the last sacraments. That reverend gentleman came with an amiable, open face, an eminently graceful deportment, and a heart overflowing with kindness. His entrance brought sanctity, peace, and joy along with it. Willie's eyes brightened at seeing him. He eagerly pressed to his own the hand that was given him. He gazed on high with a glance of earnest love, whilst the pain made his body quiver and the fever burned his veins. When he knew that the priest of God had brought the Blessed Sacrament, he was filled with joy.

The doctor's poor opinion of him did not grieve him. If he was quitting worldly friends,

he was going amongst celestial ones—from darkness into light, from sorrow to joy, from excitement to peace, from hatred to love, from corruption to incorruption, from time to eternity!

It was with joy, then, he beheld his nearest relatives leave the room to himself and the priest. It was with gladness he beheld that sacred person sit beside him to hear his confession and administer words of pardon, grace, and peace. Willie made a good confession and shed many tears. Penance washed and healed his soul. Then the Holy Communion came in as a viaticum to his heart, to attend, cheer, and guard him in his passage to eternity. He heard the beautiful prayers of the ceremony recited. He viewed the reverent, august action of the priest. Faith, love, hope, and joy filled his pure heart. His eyes, cheeks, and whole being declared the joy he felt at receiving our Saviour. Forth from near the bosom of the priest the Lord had come, beautiful in his divinity, soul, flesh, and precious blood. O mystery of humility and love! The great Creator, the King of heaven and earth, the Redeemer of men, and the Lamb of God, came down from his throne above, attended by angels, to visit, cheer, delight, and save the hearts of men. Willie with the eye of faith saw him crimson in his precious blood,

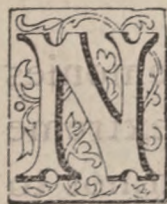
saw the diadem of thorns producing millions of martyrs' crowns, and streams of sacred fire going forth from the wounds of the Redeemer. Millions of glorious thoughts then occurred to him; beautiful, godly revealings came into his mind; feelings of thanks and joy possessed his heart; and no pleasure in existence could equal the delight he felt at receiving and cherishing in his soul the blood, flesh, fire, Spirit, Godhead, and light of his Saviour. Oh! when he took his beloved Lord and Master in, what streams of joy ran through the channels of his soul. He could not contain himself, but with burning eyes and feverish features, swelling heart and delighted mind, he cried aloud, "Thank God! thank God! Jesus, Jesus be blessed!" All in the room were transfixed with wonder and joy at the sight of his wondrous gladness. They were filled with that sanctity which his holy and precious example inspired. The more his body sank, the more his spirit rose, and soared, giving expression, by his luminous eyes, to its wondrous beauty.

He next viewed with joy the ceremonies that proceeded the holy sacrament of extreme unction. He knew that this was given not to kill, but to bring to life; not to wound, but to heal; not to damn or to curse, but to save and to sanctify. He saw the words of St. James,

“Is any one sick amongst you?” beautifully fulfilled in the action of the priest at that moment. He believed that all the anxious waverings of his mind would be dispelled by this, that the fragments of sin would be scattered, and that his whole being would shine in the glory of Jesus.

Willie felt the grand effects of this beautiful sacrament working in his mind and heart when he had worthily received it. He then requested to be left alone a little while to commune in spirit with God. His wish was gratified, and these were to Willie the most golden moments of his existence. He was resolved, with God’s assistance, to let nothing rob him for evermore of his grace and peace. He always smiled and felt glad, no matter what pain he felt, what disappointment he experienced, or what provocation he endured.

CHAPTER VIII.



NOW the spring evenings had gone by, and the summer ones were coming; still with their light and beauty, no additional vigor was imparted to the body of Willie. He did not suffer much pain now, but his days and nights were chiefly passed in successive fits of fainting and

exhaustion. His body was worn to a thread, and his thin, pale cheeks spoke of the ravages that his disease was making. At this time he became a prey to a thousand scruples. He fancied every moment that he was blaspheming Almighty God, blessing the demons, and cursing the Holy Virgin. He supposed that all his faith had fled, that he had no virtue in him, and that his destiny was terrible. As general thoughts of this kind, which he absolutely abhorred, came into his mind, his spirit was filled with agony and his heart with horror and fear lest he would sanction them. This fear of consenting, and the suspicion that he did so, filled him with alarm, and made him think himself the most undeserving and unprofitable creature in existence. His mother's tears and smiles, and her assurances of his purity and his love of God, partly composed him. A gray-haired, holy priest not far away frequently called in to see him and to dissipate his scruples. He looked like a patriarch of old, so venerable and saintly. Words of honey dropped from his lips with the purest of motives. Gleams of love and pity gushed from his eyes. A smile of joy and contentment shone on his face, whilst his amiable manners filled all with satisfaction and gladness. He took Willie by the hand at this time, and smilingly bade him good-evening. Willie raised

his head and eyes, whilst his heart burned with love for the saintly father. He felt all right while he was near; but when he left the scruples came back again. Walter sat beside him near the fireside. Willie cried aloud in terror and despair. He accused himself of doing things frightful beyond description; but Walter, growing tired of his complaints, bade him give up such ridiculous scruples.

“O darling, darling brother!” cried Willie, “excuse me; I am a wicked, wicked boy.” After this he burst into tears. Then Walter sighed, pressed his brother to his heart, and begged of him to be contented. Then moments of recollection would come back again, and Willie would smile at his late wanderings. During one of these intervals of consciousness the half-witted man from the mountains came into the house of the Willows. He was, as usual, warmly received, but, as if conscious of the sorrowful state of the family, he altered his wild, laughing tone, and assumed a sedate one. He came to Willie, and smoothed down his hair. He looked into his clear, holy eyes, whilst he pressed his hand gently, and uttered expressions of love and of gladness.

“Thank the great God, little Willie,” said Carl of the Hills, “no matter what be the way you feel; for it is he that made you, saves you in the day and in the night time. Thank

the great God, and I will pray for you. I will tell my mother that you are a little saint, going to die and leave us, and I will have her to say the beads for you often. I did always love you, and now I am sorry to see your cheeks so thin and pale, your breath so fast, your eyes so sunken, your voice so low, and your body so wasted. But you are an angel, Willie, and God will give you the great light, the blood he spilt on the cross, and the crowns you often heard of. He will give you his Mother's company, a home above the skies, sweet music, fond, lovely faces, a garden and palace, a grand throne, and other fine things."

The simple and sagacious remarks of Carl of the Hills pleased Willie mightily. He looked with eagerness and joy at the half-witted being, and thought that God indeed had given him more sensibility than people ascribed to him. He saw that the strange, wild, artless character had a heart which was sweetened, enriched, and sanctified by the fire, odor, and light of devotion. Then he blessed Carl, thanking him fervently, saying he would cherish his remarks, and shook both his hands warmly. Then Carl burst forth again into his wild and witless strain. He maintained that he was a brave Fenian commander, that he was commissioned by heaven to shoot all the policemen, and that he would give five hundred pounds' sterling to

the priest of the parish for his sister. Then he went through the military exercises, showed Willie the way to shoot constables, and appeared to read from an old paper an account of numerous perils and misfortunes by sea and land. When he had ended, he kissed Willie gently, and asked for his blessing; then, after refreshing himself with meats from the kitchen, he embraced the sick boy, bade him good-by with a tear in his eye, and took his departure. Willie seemed lonely after he left him, but a little fresher than usual in the advance of that evening. His bed-chamber faced the street of the little town, and from it he beheld the moon rising slowly and grandly over the street, trees, and houses. The night was calm and balmy, and the moon shone so bright that one could read by its light with the greatest ease and distinctness. Willie desired to be alone for a little time, that he might feed upon the thoughts with which the beauty of the night might have naturally inspired him. All hastened to satisfy his wish, and left him alone. He arose on his pillow, and surveyed with joy the glory of the moonlight. He saw the shadows of the trees falling on the street, that was lit up by the moonbeams. He beheld the gardens and houses sleeping in the silence of the night, and all reflecting in their look the image of peace. He viewed the moon going forth from the dark

clouds into the serene sea of blue above, and the sight reminded him of the issuing forth of a pure, bright soul from the gloom of temptation and sin into the bright, soft light of God's love and glory. Thoughts of the beauty of heaven, its serenity and peace, now occurred to him. The night seemed to his fancy to be filled with spirits of love from above, coming near to give him some rest and to sweeten his dreams. He thought of his dead sister, as he looked abroad, and felt that her soul was at that time brighter than the light of a million moons.

The solemn grandeur of the night scene, buried in stillness, the sinking condition of himself, the sweet and joyous associations connected with the spot that he beheld, and many other circumstances, all combined to make Willie feel interested at that moment. He breathed a prayer of love and thanksgiving that moment to God and the Virgin.

He knew that, even in the silence and the beauty of this moonlight hour, the demons would not be idle, but that they were gathering in great numbers around his bedside to draw, if possible, his soul to hell. Still, he was too strongly armed to fear them. He had the sign of the cross and the names of Jesus and Mary. He had the holy water to shed its sanctifying power around him. He had full

hope in his Saviour, and he knew very well that he would not leave him unbefriended.

His mind was full of the glory of heaven and the horror of hell. He loved virtue, he abhorred sin. He sought death, that would bear him away to the bosom of Jesus.

Amidst these holy reflections his eyelids by degrees closed on their jewels, and the rush of an angel's wing over his pale, wasting features made him taste what he did not enjoy for some time before—namely, a sweet night's slumber. Under his safe charge he rested till morning, to the great delight and surprise of the rest of the family. But when morning came, he felt indeed as if the past night's sleep would have been his last in this life, for a terrible weakness and compression of the stomach came upon him. He grew fainter and fainter, and in his sinking condition he thanked Almighty God, begged of him to love him, and implored the family not to grieve for him, because he was going to his Jesus.

Oh! the agony of the mother, who so idolized that son, cannot be described with all its length and intensity at that moment. It was the silent, harrowing glance of inconsolable grief that rushed to her features. It was the recollection of the coming loss of the dearest object in this life to her existence that gave to her naturally sweet, mild features that

expression of sorrow and woe which the coldest could not look on without feeling.

Willie caught it, and he made an attempt to run forward and embrace his darling mother; but the effort was too much for him, and he fell backward with a dying groan. They rushed towards him. The mother's tears were seen falling in streams from her eyes. She caught her beloved Willie to her arms. She bathed him with kisses. She called upon his name; but he was now insensible.

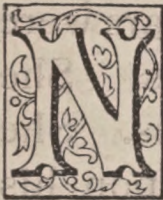
Soon yielding to the remonstrances of her friends, Mrs. Willow let her boy lie down again, that his senses might revive. He soon opened his eyes, and desired to be placed in his easy-chair close by the fire, where he had so often passed the winter evenings with his loving mother. His wish was granted, and it was a sign to all of them that the end of his life was approaching.

The father went about silent and abstracted. Walter stayed by Willie's side, whilst the mother was quite overcome by a feeling of stupor.

With eyes turned up, hands lifted, and lips parted as if in prayer, Willie felt and knew that he was dying, and pointed to the crucifix. It was given him. He gazed on it with a powerful look of love, kissed it passionately, brought it to his bosom, and then, looking up,

again with a smiling, saintly glance of joy, expired.

CHAPTER IX.

OW a second death had come into the Willow family. Its number now was low indeed. One only boy, Walter, was left to the sorrowing parents. Yet they welcomed in this the will of the Lord. Mrs. Willow rushed to the side of her boy when she saw him expiring. Though almost overcome by emotion, she did not forget to call on Jesus to have mercy on him, and on Mary to regard him. But her own strong faith and hope made her feel assured that the soul of her child was feasting at present in the glory of Jesus. Ah! could she believe it? There was the pale, marble face, which was so lately invested with life and emotion, now bathed in the dew of death. The lips that uttered words of love so often and so lately were closed for ever. The eyes that shone with a pure joy and a holy feeling were not to open any more upon the face of the mother of him who possessed them. The hands that so often grasped in tenderness and joy those of esteemed friends were no longer susceptible of feeling. All was changed.

Death was there, and life had departed. Still, a ray of original innocence, a smile of characteristic peace and purity, beamed on the lips of dead Willie, and afforded to the mother a kind of an assurance about his salvation. She was good, and always pure and holy, and, though oppressed with a natural sorrow, still never forgot to give thanks to the will of her Saviour. She thought she heard an unearthly music, saw strange, lovely sights, and listened to sweet, heavenly voices. Her sense of smell seemed to herself to be flooded with the streams of a million odors, and each time she said, "Lord, have mercy on him," a new and a strange emotion of rapture and rest filled her bosom.

All these manifestations were so many evidences of Willie's admission to the light and the joy of the home of our Saviour. These inferences consoled the mother, and lessened the force of her agony and sorrow. She would have embalmed the body and kept looking at it till she died, if there was nothing strange and forbidding about such an action. She hoped to rejoin her boy ere long, and united at last with Walter in thinking that the dead who die in the Lord are better pleased with the silence of their friends than with their tears and unreasonable feelings. Mrs. Willow therefore only praised and blessed, and occasionally wept,

thanking God at all times for the loss of her darling. The funeral took place the third day after his death, and it was a very large one. A being as innocent and as holy as was ever deposited in this earth was placed in the family plot in the Ballyoughtra churchyard. The clay was cast upon it, the prayers were fervently said, and the people went away with sorrow and sympathy for the mother in their bosoms.

The grass grew by degrees over Willie's grave, and the wild-flowers adorned it. The tears of the mother often watered the primroses and the daisies that grew above Willie, who was the purest and loveliest lily that ever adorned that part of the country. Every one spoke with love ever after of his memory and his name. His father did not long survive his loss, but went to meet him where sorrow is not known, and where love and joy and light and everything that is good exist for evermore. His mother and his brother are yet living, and the last is a priest in a distant land, offering up now and then the grand, everlasting Sacrifice for their departed souls.

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